

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 19 OCTOBER 12, 1968

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

The Rolling Stone Interview: Mick Jagger

INSIDE: **Stones**
The Banned
Album



ETHAN RUSSELL

ROLLING STONE

No. 19
OCTOBER 12, 1968
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



Big Sur Folks' Festival

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT
MONTEREY, CALIF.

Big Sur is a beautiful place for anything, including the annual Big Sur Folk Festival. But Big Sur these days, like a Folk Festival these days, is a mixed blessing; there is a sign in front of the Lucia Lodge, seven miles south of the Big Sur Hot Springs where the festival was held, which says "No Hippies Allowed." And there was a distinct feeling at the Big Sur Folk Festival that the audience wasn't welcome either.

But then again, there are the hills and the ocean, the trees and the view, the weather and the grass. And that makes it anywhere. The Big Sur Hot Springs, location of some natural hot sulphur springs which are now channeled into open air community baths on a cliff overlooking the Pacific ocean, is now the Esalen Institute, and the weekend belonged to the Folk Festival.

Before the first day of the festival, Mimi Farina, sister of Joan Baez, was married to KSNB disc jockey Milan Melvin, in a beautiful outdoors ceremony, celebrated by a Navajo reading. Milan, who is one of the

most fabulous looking characters of San Francisco — a little like a very wiggled Lone Ranger with striking eyebrows and lengthy black hair — was replete in tails and regalia. It was a beautiful ceremony, and brought down the entire Baez family. The Committee and KSNB staff for the occasion. A wedding, indeed.

Upwards of two thousand people paid four dollars each to crowd onto the main lawn over the ocean each afternoon — very hot — from two to six to see a variety of performers walk onto a swimming pool patio and sing a fairly short set. Upwards of 75 people paid nothing to sit on chairs on a roped off patio, watch the performers, wander around and make gossip, eat a free lunch in a restricted restaurant-cafeteria, all in view of the sweating audience. Good for sun tans and burns.

If you were a performer, a guest of the performers or of the festival you were entitled to a free run of the grounds. After the audiences left at the end of the day, and nighttime ensued (a full moon, incidentally), the Hot Springs is a wonderful place; the grounds are dotted with

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Sky River Rock Groove

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT
SULTAN, WASH.

"The best freaking scene ever," said one musician. The Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Show was not dampened by the rain that fell over Labor Day weekend, but made creative use of it. And the proceeds went to an assortment of American Indian and Black organizations.

The Friends of American Indian Rights, the principal Indian beneficiary, the Central Area Committee for Peace and Improvement, and the Black Student Unions of the Pacific Northwest were the principal organizations for which the musicians gave their benefit performances. Some of the proceeds are also going to local institutions for alienated youth, such as the Open Door Clinic and the Seattle Free University.

The music started at 9:30 on Saturday morning and ran till after midnight. Sunday's show ran from nine in the morning till five on Monday and Monday's show was of necessity a little disorganized, but after giving everybody four hours to sleep, the

festival wound up with one more eighteen-hour slug of music.

Some forty acts, rock, blues and folk, with a few theater acts such as the Congress of Wonders and the S.F. Mime troupe, were on stage for the marathon event before an audience of around 15,000. Spectators had trooped in from all over to Betty Nelson's Organic Raspberry Farm in Sultan, Washington (pop. 960), fifty miles outside of Seattle, not to be disappointed.

On Saturday it started to rain. All the less reason to forbid the audience to set up their tents in the field of the natural amphitheater. Soon there was a vast modern-day replica of a Civil War encampment, and the clouds of smoke were immense. The police kept their distance, like decent, law-abiding, privacy-respecting public servants, and everybody was happy.

While the audience was gathered like a great camp meeting in the field, the musicians — all 175 of them — were quartered in the three floors of the Camlin Hotel. Musicians, it is well known, are musicians because they like to play music, and the con-

—Continued on Page 10

PROUD FLESH SOOTHSEER

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This edition printed on September 18th for newsstand sales until October 12th.

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

A correction should be made concerning the "summarized facts" that preceded the first part of your interview with Pete Townshend. The Who's first record was not "My Generation." Two records preceded "My Generation." They were: "I Can't Explain" and "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere." They were both very big in England and both were released in the U.S., but got little or no airplay due to the fact that their American label didn't give them any publicity.

MICHAEL PHILIP LEE
 LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

The August 24 issue contained a bad-tempered review of the Newport Folk Festival done by a rock critic whom I usually admire greatly—Jon Landau. It appears obvious that he knows next to nothing of Country and Western music, considering his irrelevant remarks on Ray Acuff, and, anent his analysis of Janis Joplin, it may be true that the band as a whole is weak, but it is ludicrous to compare her (for good or bad) to Billie Holiday or either of the Franklin sisters. Not only are they Negroes, but they are working in entirely different styles. There is little point in contrasting a rock singer with a 1930's jazz singer. The contexts are entirely different. Let Mr. Landau get out of Boston for a while, travel through the Rockies, on 66, Route 1, or visit Texas; I think the Boston weather has robbed his sensibilities.

DAVID MAC KENZIE
 NEW YORK, NEW YORK

SIRS:

Congratulations on a very heavy periodical. Your intelligence, integrity and no-bullshit attitude is most welcome. But what's taking so long for you to get next to Ten Years

After? I expected at least some notice two issues ago.

Also heard two rumors—one six months ago, the other three weeks ago: 1) Danny Kalb (original Blues Project) had STP bumper and died; 2) had STP bumper and flipped. Have you heard anything about this? I haven't seen one word about him in nearly a year.

BILL AMIDON
 NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

Last night I reread the August 24 Rolling Stone Round Table and got to thinking about Revolver. Anyway, he really says it! "Paul's a queer!" A bit fuzzy, but there. In the loudspeaker part, just before "Captain, captain." I mean it.

DANNY NOOGER
 NEW YORK

SIRS:

On visiting San Francisco recently, I read the Ben Fong-Torres article on Eric Jacobsen's Thing. Having spent the day with Eric and visiting his home, his office and watching him at work in the studio, I felt the article somewhat missed what in fact he is truly trying to achieve—and maybe even what he is.

I found Eric to be a very sensitive person, but the Victorian-style photograph you used was rather scary and austere. Also, the comparison to the Tamla/Motown operation, I do not think is necessarily the right one, as I feel the Great Honesty/Sweet Reliable Organization will always remain a neat compact family so long as Eric is at the helm.

The far-sighted Warner? Arts Company have given Eric an opportunity to prove his operation can be successful and having seen it in its embryonic form, I am sure it can succeed even with his first talent Leonard Schaefer whom I am sure

is going to make a big impression, not only in San Francisco, but the world record scene in general.

The over-all impression I had at the end of the day was that Eric master-minded this family in a very understanding parent-like way and was by no means the hard business type "heavy" that I seemed to get from your article.

I do hope you accept this letter in the way it is meant, as it's not a criticism, but in fact an extension of Ben Fong-Torres' article.

IAN RALFINI
 LONDON

SIRS:

I wanted to take this opportunity to thank you for your beautiful and incisive review of the Fats Domino Album. After putting so much of oneself into the making of an album today, the reward of reading a critique like yours, is immensely gratifying.

RICHARD PERRY
 WARNER BROTHERS
 BUREANK, CALIF.

SIRS:

Jim, who likes bossa nova and is not here, and my wife, a smashing cook and an Original Beauty, and I would like to say thanks to the Buffalo Springfield. We never met them or even heard them gig, but we think they're great and good and write honest-to-God songs, and we're a bit sad they only put out three records and split up. Something about the quality of their lyrics, about their being always right on top of the beat, about their singing, about lots of good times when they happened to be on the record player, makes us happy they were around. If you could let them know, we'd like to say "we appreciate it."

BOB LIST
 GETTYSBURG, PA.

Graffiti Get Stones in Hot Water

NEW YORK The Rolling Stones' bathroom-wall-graffiti album cover is still a matter of dispute between the Stones and their record companies, Decca (Great Britain) and London (US). "It looks like *Beggars' Banquet* might be a Christmas release now," Mick has been quoted as saying.

Despite meetings between the record companies and Mick Jagger in London and his representative Allen Klein in New York, the fate of the dingy-golden-toned album cover is unsure. The companies are claiming that the scene, which has no swear words or actual obscenities, is "in poor taste."

Klein plans to go to England to settle the matter there. He has said, "The record companies will ultimately have no choice in the matter."

London Records has complained that the cover "will be met with resistance by rack jobbers," the men who stock retail outlets. Mick's suggestion that the album be racked in brown paper bags stamped UNFIT FOR CHILDREN was rejected.

In another Stones story, the new single "Street Fighting Man" out of the same *Beggars' Banquet* LP has been banned by many radio stations. Chicago stations have altogether banned it because they feared it could incite violence.

"They told me that 'Street Fighting Man' was subversive," said Mick. "Of course it's subversive," we said. It's stupid to think you can start a revolution with a record. I wish you could!" "It just goes to show how paranoid they are in Chicago," emphasized Keith.

Decca-London has ignored this newspaper's ultimatum, and so herewith in this issue we publish the Stone's controversial, violence-inciting, poor-tasting album cover. See our center spread.

October Sees Steve Miller Change

SAN FRANCISCO The Steve Miller Band will make a major personnel change in October. Drummer Tim Davis, guitarist Bozz Scaggs and organist Jim Peterman will be leaving the group to form a new trio. Steve Miller and bassist Lonnie Turner will continue on with the name Steve Miller Band.

The break-up is the result of several months of personality clashes which climaxed in Los Angeles in July with the firing of their manager, Harvey Kornspann. In Los Angeles they completed their second album for Capital Records, titled *Sailor*, to be released in early October.

Steve is now auditioning for another drummer and organist/guitarist to replace the departing members. He hopes to have the band ready for a road tour by the end of October.

The original Steve Miller Blues Band consisted of Miller, Turner and Davis and Curly Cooke on guitar. Scaggs replaced Cooke about six months after the band was formed and Peterman was added after that. Previous to this band, Steve had been with organist Barry Goldberg in the Goldberg-Miller Blues Band, headquartered in Chicago.



Buddy Miles Express Moves Fast

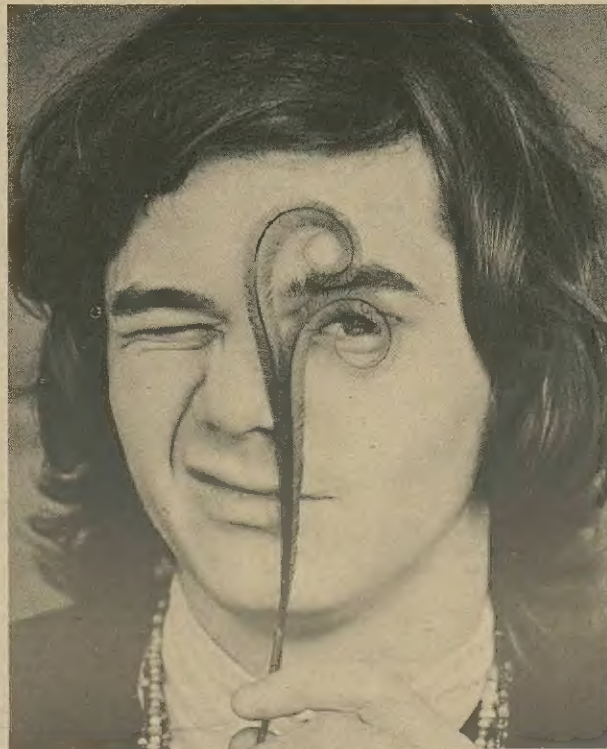
LOS ANGELES Drummer Buddy Miles has taken four members of the defunct Electric Flag to form his new band, the Buddy Miles Express. The new group, rounded out with a new guitar, bass and saxophone, will go in for a hard and funky Stax-Volt sound, according to Buddy, and will not sound like the old Flag at all.

The new group, put together at the end of August, was almost immediately signed by Mercury Records to a lucrative contract and will start work on a record at the end of September. The album will be produced by Lou Reizner, head of the Mercury Records offices in London.

The Electric Flag fell apart, according to Buddy, because it was Mike Bloomfield's concep-

tion. "When he left," he says "there was no more Flag." The guitarist in Buddy's new group is Jimmy McCarty, formerly of Siegal-Schwali and before that the original guitarist with Mitch Ryder. Coming along from the old Flag are Herbie Rich, organ; Virgil Gonsalves, baritone sax; Terry Clements, tenor; and Marcus Doubleday, trumpet. The new men are Billy Rich, bass, and Bob McPherson, tenor. Buddy will handle vocals.

The Express's public debut was at the Whisky-A-Go-Go in Hollywood on September 18. The new band's first gig in the Bay Area, the home ground of the Flag in its stomping days, will be at Winterland, the 8th-10th of October, sharing the bill with Jimi Hendrix.



Elektric Ranch Is Established

LOS ANGELES—Elektra Records has leased an abandoned lodge on the Feather River in northern California to serve as a creative retreat for its artists, writers, producers and engineers.

Jac Holzman, Elektra's president, feels these words, from a presentation prepared several months ago, capture the spirit of the project: "... a recording retreat, a quiet place in the country where musicians can get their heads, their bodies and music together ... to free artists from the urban pressures that have caused them to use their instruments and music as an escape ... to permit emancipated music to pass through them and back into the city." Holzman said the concept was that of Frazier Mohawk (Barry Friedman), producer of the first Kaleidoscope album, the Holy Modal Rounders and Nico.

The project — known as the Recording Farm, the Fantasy Orchestra Ranch, or Operation Brown Rice, depending upon who you talk to — is centered in what once was a sanitarium (for drying out alcoholics) near Keddie, Calif., about 100 miles northeast of Sacramento. The property accommodates between 15 and 20 persons comfortably and within a month or two will offer recording facilities as well as room for "rest and rehabilitation."

Holzman explained that the ranch was an "experiment" that would "make it possible for people to move around in various combinations without being bound by highly restrictive recording agreements." In other words, musicians could collect and jam — and record — no matter what label they were signed to. Such recordings, of course, would not be released, but used as "learning tools," much as the ranch would be used.

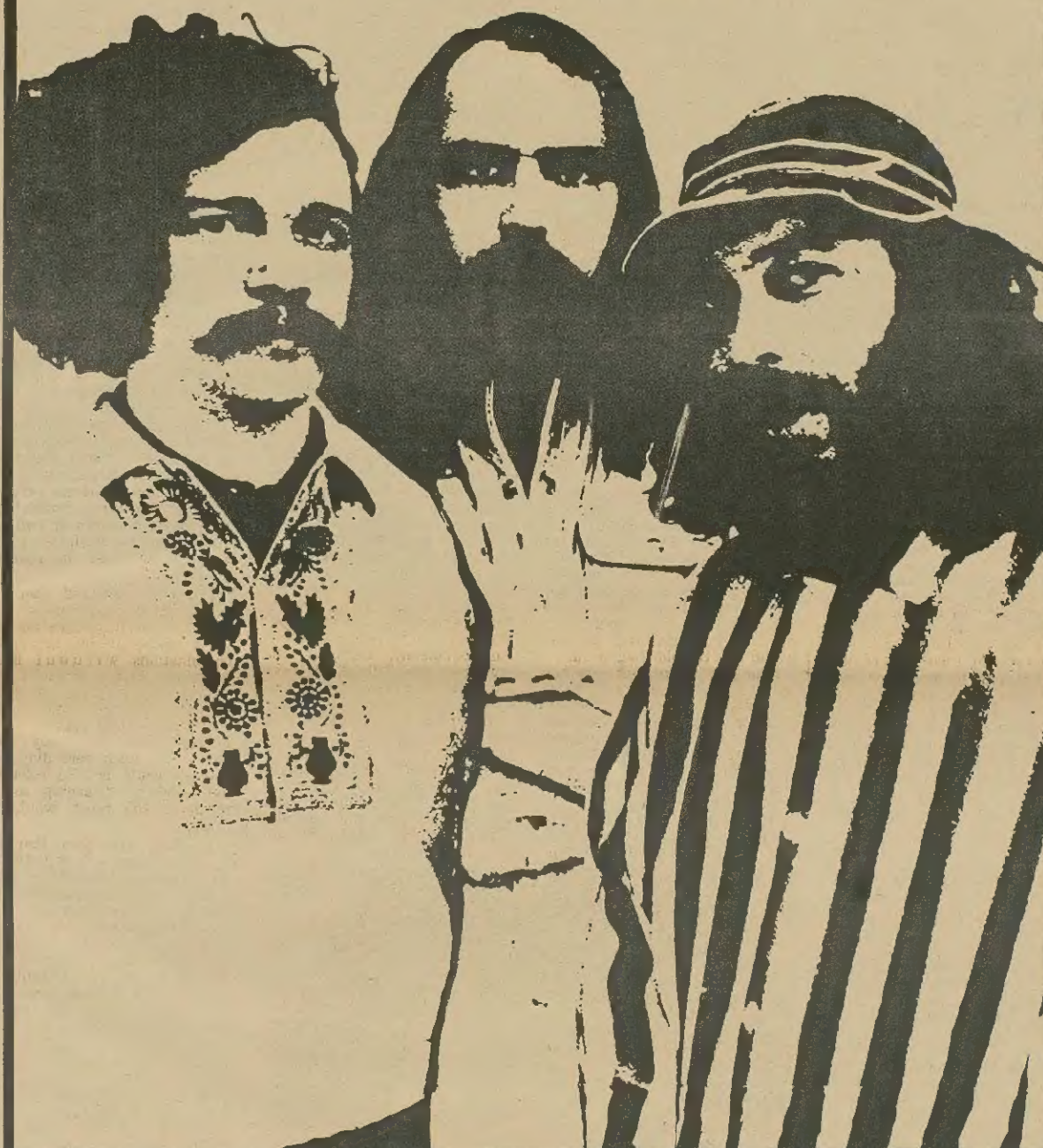
Holzman also said that the ranch — which will cost Elektra an estimated \$35,000 the first year — may be moved. "I have the feeling that eventually this will be the start of a whole series of projects," he said. "We didn't buy. We're leasing the property, because I want the flexibility of moving them around. It may be that after a year they should move someplace by the sea."

The facilities planned include a four-track, one-inch recording set-up that can be dismantled and packed for moving in under two hours. Holzman said he ordered four-track equipment, rather than eight-track, because he wants to capture an "organic feeling" in music from the ranch. This means, he said, as much simplicity and as little processing as possible.

The project started as a group of musicians, producers and songwriters began living together in Mohawk's home in Laurel Canyon. The idea was presented to Holzman a year ago, he said, but it wasn't until three months ago the company found a landlord who would accept long-haired musicians.

Mohawk serves as "house mother" (Holzman's description) on the ranch and those currently in residence include Jackson Browne and Rolf Kemp, both songwriter-singers signed to Elektra.

THE FUGS



IT CRAWLED INTO MY HAND, HONEST The Fugs RS 6305

There comes a time when
you have to take a stand
for peace, against war
for love, against hate
for freedom, against blind force
for sex, against puritanical fascism
for me, against you





Tiny Tim

Tiny Tim Sues Bouquet Records

NEW YORK
Tiny Tim, the Warner Bros.-7 Arts recording artist whose square name is Herbert Khaury, obtained a temporary writ in New York Supreme Court last week enjoining a disk company from using his name on a earlier record. He is also asking \$1 million in damages.

The performer charges that

Bouquet Records has released a single, "Be My Love," and an album, *Concert in Fairyland*, by Tiny Tim which he cut while known as Darryl Dover. He claims the disks were issued without his consent.

Tiny Tim told the court he has developed a unique singing style which has given him national prominence.

Bad Scene Goes Down on Strip

LOS ANGELES
According to a September report from the Los Angeles Times, hippies flocking to hear rock music have been responsible for a \$3-million loss to Sunset Strip property owners and businessmen.

It was reported real estate values and retail sales had dropped as much as 30% since the Strip helped give birth to the "go-go generation" four years ago. (This was a figure quoted by a local real estate appraiser in April, but he was not mentioned in the report.) One owner said his properties — unspecified — on Sunset had depreciated by \$500,000. A savings and loan company "reportedly" abandoned plans to build a headquarters building. And one of the city's newest hotels failed — with new owners turning it into, of all things, a retirement home.

The Times noted in its story that young people congregating on the Strip have also cost Los Angeles County taxpayers another \$1 million. This financial tidbit covered cost of more than doubling the sheriff's detail and processing thousands of arrests, most for loitering, and marijuana and curfew violations.

Many of the youthful "offenders" are scooped up, at a continuing average of 150 to 200 a week, in the neighborhoods of the few night clubs still open and still featuring rock music. Greatest concentration of arrests — up 250% overall, say the cops — seem to be near Gazzarri's, the

Galaxy and the Whiskey a Go Go at one end of the Strip, near the Kaleidoscope at the other. (One of those arrested outside the Kaleidoscope recently was Jim Chappell, bass player for Genesis; he spent the weekend in jail, while the rest of the band finished the gig inside the club.)

The Sheriff's office was quoted as saying juvenile detentions were up 500% over a few years ago, with a substantial number of these arrests for drug violations — 87% of the dope busts involving 17-to-24-year-olds.

Regrets

Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc. regretfully announces the departure of Mr. Ralph J. Gleason from its Board of Directors. Mr. Gleason has also resigned his position as Contributing Editor on the staff of Rolling Stone.

In his letter of resignation, Mr. Gleason stated that he could "no longer accept responsibility for an editorial and reportorial policy with which I am not in sympathy and over which I have no control." Although he had no hand in editorial decisions or policy making since June, his resignation was received in the beginning of September.

Gleason was one of the founding members of Downbeat Magazine and was also the Editor of Jazz Quarterly, a now defunct music magazine. He continues as a columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle.



John Sebastian

John Sebastian Leaves Spoonful, Soloes as Singer and Composer

BY SUE CLARKE

NEW YORK
John Sebastian has left the Lovin' Spoonful to pursue an independent career. He follows Zal Yanovsky, who left last year following the group's dope-fink scandal.

"It wasn't anybody's fault or anything like that," he says, it was, we were all very confused — everybody simultaneously. Perhaps the necessary force to draw it together could come from any one of us, but it just didn't.

Unlike Zally, who returned to write screenplays and make himself notorious as a disk jockey who plays raunchy old Fifties rock and roll, John has left to work on more music, to concentrate on singing and songwriting. He has recently written songs for a forthcoming Broadway musical and is at work on a solo album.

Another Kama Sutra album by the Lovin' Spoonful will be released shortly, but it will not feature the voice, harmonica or songwriting of John Sebastian. It is likely to be the last Spoonful album as well, as John and Zally contributed most of the distinctive quality of the Spoonful.

John has been investigating new avenues for his music. Having scored two films (Woody Allen's *What's Up, Tiger Lily* and *You're a Big Boy Now*), he is looking forward to pursuing an independent career. He has just written three songs for *Jimmy Shine*, a show which opens on Broadway on November 21st. The story of the play concerns

a young man, played by Dustin Hoffman, "confronting his art — if he likes it, is it any good, should he continue."

"It's not a musical," John adds, "there are not lots of people singing on stage. That happens once — but pretty naturally, it's not the kind of set-up thing. The songs are written for a kind of hippy-balladeer-minstrel type. They will be sung by this particular character, not Dustin. There is a song which, if I can encourage Dustin to do it, I would love to have him sing."

John's forthcoming solo album will be produced by Paul Rothchild. It will feature the songs he wrote for *Jimmy Shine* and "The Room Where Nobody Goes," a song he wrote for Cass Elliott's first solo LP, as well as a handful of new compositions. Among the sidemen for the album are Steve Stills, Harvey Brooks (formerly of the Electric Flag), pianists Jack Nitzsche (of Rolling Stones fame) and Paul Harris, and drummer Billy Mundt (of the Mothers).

One of the *Jimmy Shine* songs, "Baby, Don't You Get Crazy," will feature the vocal chorus work of the Ikettes, from the Ike and Tina Turner Revue. Needless to say, it has been described as "unlike anything John has done before."

After John has finished work on the album, which is being recorded in Elektra's lavishly equipped new studios in Los Angeles, his plans include a tour of American college campuses. On this tour he will perform solo, accompanying himself with a guitar. And harmonica, of course.



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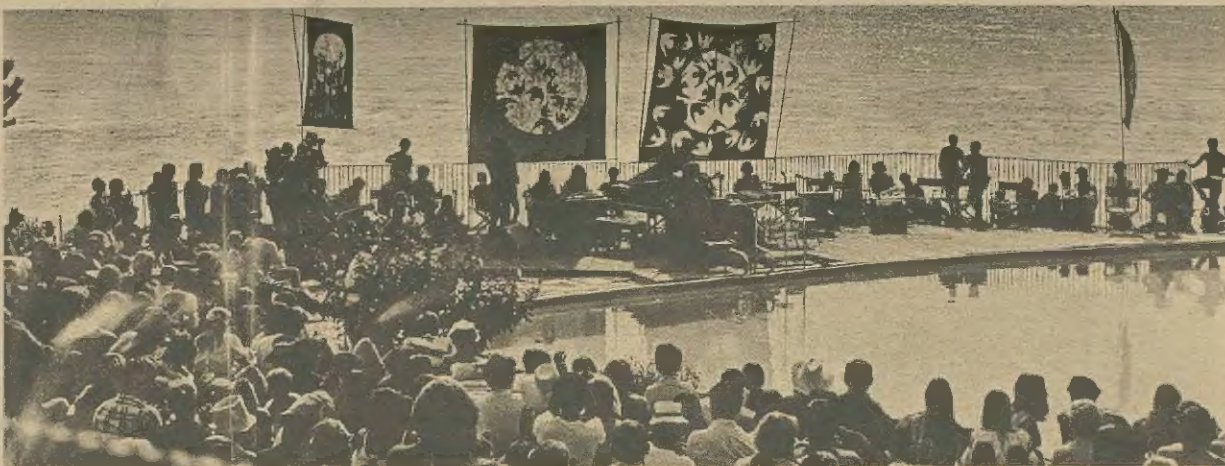
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TIM WILKES



EDMUND SHEA

THE BIG SUR FOLK FESTIVAL

—Continued from Page One

small private rooms, a well-stocked dining hall, pleasant company, all the attendant amenities and the baths, of course—and were a grandly expansive and relaxing weekend for all. The point is that the weekend seemed the purpose; the performances were irrelevant. It's a question of which side of the fence you were on.

Performers included the perennial Joan Baez with family (older sister, Mimi Farina, father in a Nehru Jacket, mother, etc.); Judy Collins, who did several beautiful original songs but seemed so carried away by the atmosphere that she went on to unfortunate lengths; and the Charles River Valley Boys, doing that good old Boston Bluegrass.

There was a large contingent from Los Angeles (unlike previous years when San Francisco people have dominated the attendance), which included one of the world's biggest groupies, Cass Elliot. Each day, she joined the festival's female ensemble

in a choral version of Dylan's "I Shall Be Released." Also up from the smoggy southland were David Crosby, with full hair and mustache with a guitar slung over his back; Jim Hollibaugh, Cass Elliot's old man, whose most memorable composition (which he sang) is the Johnny Rivers hit, "Summer Rain." Accompanying Hendricks was Van Dyke Parks on piano, whom this writer finds to be somewhat of a Chinese box in most any setting. Steven Stills, late of the Buffalo Springfield, was also there, accompanying Judy Collins.

Stills is one of the most comfortable artists in rock and roll or folk music, and his presence was invigorating. On the other hand, many others were just out of place in the setting of a folk festival; they neither represented the tradition nor did they—and Stills was the exception—bring something new to the proceedings.

The most outstanding singers were Arlo Guthrie and Joni Mitchell. Arlo has an excellent voice, not so much from the standpoint of purity, but

from the standpoint of authenticity. He is Arlo Guthrie—little Arlo with his wild hair, his unique appearance—being Arlo Guthrie, not some Hollywood cowboy. He sings his own songs his own way, is totally charming and natural and has one of the most fantastic raps of all time. Whether he is aware of his speaking ability is something to be considered; it is a phenomenal one.

Joni Mitchell was a welcome surprise, not announced for the program and not awaited with much anticipation. Her voice is strikingly resonant, her songs are modestly confident and her presence felt. It is unlikely that she can become as powerful a performer as, say, Joan Baez, but she should definitely be on the list.

As a musical event, the performances were repetitious from one singer to the next, and certainly repetitious from the first day to the next, being essentially the same show. The Charles River Valley Boys, doing a superb bluegrass version of a song

by, in their words, "those great country and western writers, Lennon and McCartney, 'Yes It Is'," focused sharply the dilemma on which the horns of folk festivals are locked in these times. The rendition was excellent, bringing it as alive as the original in another musical setting altogether. But it was the only item on the program which did so. "Folk music" has lost much too much of whatever vitality it once had. The Big Sur Folk Festival relied heavily on the feeling of rock and roll for its spiritual impetus. Musically, the impetus was not there.

Despite the Monterey County Sheriff's department which spent its Saturday night roosting campers along the roadside and the Highway Patrol which tagged, with ten dollar tickets, three miles of cars parked along the coastal route, Highway One, the Big Sur Folk Festival was a refreshing and relaxing weekend, one which is unique to Big Sur, because it was Big Sur more than the Folk Festival.

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SKY RIVER FESTIVAL



—Continued from Page 1

centration of musical trips was incredible.

And who was there? Santana, Dino Valenti, It's a Beautiful Day, James Cotton, the New Lost City Ramblers, Kaleidoscope, the Youngbloods, Country Joe and the Fish, Phoenix, John Fahey, Mark Spoelstra, H. P. Lovecraft, Big Mama Mae Thornton. The Grateful Dead played a magnificent set for their last appearance with the personnel of their recordings.

By Monday the field was soggy with rain, but spirits were high. A Mud Cult arose in the principal puddle, improvising Mud Rituals and Mud Dances. The baptism consisted of taking long run and belly-flopping (with your clothes on) in the mud, after which you would be covered with mud and embraced by other cultists.

The Mud People also made half a dozen Charges of the Mud Brigade through the Civil War Encampment. Their Mud Chant went something like, "mud (stomp) mud (stomp) we like mud." Mud was, like they say in ads, Happening, so a couple of dozen fans were swinging with it.

Continuity and saccharine rap between acts were provided by Buddha (not the B, you understand, but a San Francisco underground bartender and former KMPX strikebreaker who goes by the name). His longwindedness was one factor in the concerts' running overtime. Musicians got into the habit of telling each other when they were due on stage in terms such as, "We're on at 4:30-plus-Buddha-rap." "The only crummy ointment on the fly," said one.

The kind of festival is was, when a young man wearing nothing but beads got up on stage during Big Mama's set and started dancing in the lightshow, it was not thought strange. Except perhaps by Big Mama, who had registered dismay when she first saw the Encampment that was to be her audience.

As Big Mama turned to leave the stage, the young man found himself facing the microphone, and impulsively said, "Hey, you know what? I just had a real flash. We're all Jesus Christ," and everybody applauded. Then Big Mama came back to the mike and said, "Wow! Wasn't that weird! I'd heard about it, but I never thought I'd see it!"



There was also a great scheduled balloon ascent, and the balloon was lots of fun, everybody played with it the first day. Then on the second day, the balloon went ahead and ascended, but paying no heed to human schedules. And there was a pig, some sort of personage in the festival. He was already a Mud Cultist from in front.

Many a festival would have been ruined by rain, but not a perfect festival, a festival with lots of festival in it. That's what Sky River was, and Lighter Than Air, too. Many thanks to John Chambliss, director, and his assistant Stan Maginnis. And especially to Betty Nelson and her organic berries.



the daughters of albion

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BARON WOLMAN

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES
When Van Dyke Parks' album *Song Cycle* was released, it was hailed as a major step forward in pop history. In terms of sales it was a bomb, and this, strangely, is what the creator is worrying about. The album cost \$40,000 to produce and to date under 10,000 copies have been sold—not enough to make expenses.

"It's depressing from my standpoint," Parks said the day I visited him in his green and brown house on the top of a mountain in Hollywood. "A totality of purpose was to sell records. That's the standard I have to have to look at this thing. I gotta be honest about it. My motivation was in large respect economic."

So *Song Cycle* was Van Dyke Parks' "commercial" release. It was, apparently, in his own unique and complex fashion, an attempt to produce something that would sell. It didn't, and although nearly a year has passed since its release, Parks still believes it will.

"I think the album can sell millions," he said. "I listened to it today. I don't listen to it often. Of course when the scenery changes, it enhances something. The scenery was changing and it really sounded great. I really loved it. I think the reason I'm committed to it is not only because I continue to be touched by it—and I know no more clumsily self-effacing person than myself. I think that it's just fucking great. And I think that the people who don't buy it just haven't come to their senses yet."

Van Dyke Parks is no egotist. He words, in print, betray his meaning and humility.

"It (the album) becomes vital through participation," he said. "It's not a possessed thing. I'm lookin' to continue with it. I haven't the best voice, but I think the whole situation is tolerable, entirely tolerable. In other words, I'm askin' for some support as far as the album is concerned."

It may be only just that Parks request support, for he has built a reputation in music for lending able support to others. He produced records for Harper's Bizarre and the Mojo Men. He appeared cloaked in the phrase "studio musician" on albums for the Byrds. His presence was noticeable as an arranger for Phil Ochs' last album, *Letter from California*. His lyric talent was a part of the Beach Boys' "Heroes and Villains" and "Vegetables."

At 25 years of age, he positions his slender frame in a wooden rocker like an old man, arms on armrests, head hung between hunched shoulder blades, eyes pointed at the rug, as a complex structure of prose comes slowly, almost painfully, tumbling from his lips. He speaks in ornate phrasing from the distant past, of a world in the distant future. He describes his home as a "post-war, mid-class construct" and when he talks of a friend with several college degrees, he says his friend has "an abundance of cultural baggage to wonder about." He is a man who deals in weighty concepts and in the

Van Dyke Parks



words of Les Crane (on whose television show he appears periodically), he is "the only man I know who speaks in stream-of-consciousness."

So it is difficult to follow his talk. Yet, he does not fail to communicate.

Sitting in his furnished home, his wife Durrie at his side, he talks again of his album: "The record is the most fragile manifestation of a profound sociological phenomenon, an immediate relativity to the general. It's intended to be approached by anyone who can be approached by it. I wouldn't say that it's so artful a supplication as Bob Dylan's most artful resort, *John Wesley Harding*. Entered by necessity in the way of a super-production. What'd we have to sell? Were we selling my education? In other words, was this a selfish gesture? I wanted to represent as much as I could and in the full exercise of my talents. I can say that I did my best."

"I made the album out of words that represent my most contemporary feelings and that recognize as much as I can my own spiritual extents. More than that, more than have any pre-requisites in the way of reaction, or even expecting to elicit any reaction, I wanted to design the album for continued and responsive participation. I think that I did that well in ways of organizing sound. I have seen no one that I know more susceptible to the extents of the experience of folk. I'd like to go to all the provinces..."

He pauses between phrases and bits of imagery, and the waves of verbalized thought project a patchwork picture of search on a screen. He is a verbal cul de sac, a street that runs cross-town, suddenly disappearing and then reappearing two blocks on a little confusing, but somehow pointed and continuous.

There is also a continuity in pop music history to be considered. It has been noted that the concept of the pop idol is changing, that the audience that moved rock and roll from the dance floor to the concert stage is now seeking idols less phy-

sical and more mental. So whereas Parks' horned-rim glasses, scholarly vocabulary and fragile intensity made the old style stardom he sought impossible, perhaps now the times are changing so he may find mass acceptance after all. Parks remains concerned with acceptance and rejection, but no longer is he in a time when, as he once said, "I wanted to be a rock and roll star like David Crosby and Jim McGuinn of the Byrds."

This desire for stardom came to him when he was behind the scenes as a producer and writer, although he had acquired some public recognition in the years before that. He had appeared in nearly 100 network television shows such as "Studio One" and "Alcoa Theater" and was a featured member of a folk group called the Greenwood County Singers. (He had also been a popular clarinet player at Polish weddings while studying classical piano and composition at Carnegie Technical Institute.) It seems logical, then, that such a variant background would keep his mind open to all developments in the performing arts; he does.

He talked about the Moog synthesizers and computers and the public's reluctance to accept machines which he feels, could assist the cause of music enormously: "It (the synthesizers) is so obviously derivative from the Hammond organ it's almost laughable. But it's like the early days of aluminum, and being able to connect. My grandfather told his family it was poisonous, that it poisoned foods, so that's why they didn't connect with it, and I think more people should. The machine can be a fantastic thing."

When *Song Cycle* was splashed onto the marketplace—with more than Warner Brothers' usual amount of heraldry—it became hipper-than-thou and guru-of-your-choice; it rivaled macrobiotic foods and meditation in the race for top position in the clique-y conversation of the Los Angeles pop music world.

The album was noted for its complexities. Some of the classics were there—Debussy, Beethoven, Mahler and Ives—standing in the strings of his stage. Which is not to say Parks was a plagiarist. He used the styles of the past sparingly, presenting a cycle of sound that was totally contemporary. He was writing about California and America, as seen by Van Dyke Parks. Songs were called "Widows' Walk" and "Palm Desert" and "Laurel Canyon Boulevard." The approach was orchestral, symphonic at times—the lyrics dotted with fresh use of the cliché and the pun. In "Palm Desert" was the phrase "Palm Desert sages abound" and in "Laurel Canyon Boulevard" he said:

Tracks of the beaten in automobile pound
the nine to fivers round
a long line of drivers wind
to dine in the divers and dandy line.

"I think I'm as good a lyricist as there is," he said when we talked. "I really do. It may be that I should be more servile in my search for topics. Maybe I should be writing lyrics for some superior musicians, 'cause a lotta people don't like my notes. The lyrics were a stab at pace. The lyrics were intended to be disruptive."

Widows face the future
Factories face the poor.
he fact remains
the peril strains
the mind a bit.

He ranks himself with the Beatles, something few others have nerve to do, although many are musically qualified. He says he and the Beatles are "at the same place," then delivers a slam that is no slam, but merely puts the Beatles in perspective, something else very few will do.

"There are a lot of things people don't realize about how the Beatles have hired their notes," he said, referring to the help they have had in producing their music. "It's quite true that these are talented people, with whom I've gone to many an altar and many a test. I think the boys are vulgar in many respects and irreverent, which is no skimmed milk to me. But they could do well by guiding their developments in different ways with common folks and the industry at large."

"You know, the boys just signed the Apple agreement. It talks about sweatshirts in those contracts. It talks about hats."

He pauses. "I think I have a lot of hostility toward the Beatles and I think I've spent too much time justifying them."

Perhaps Van Dyke Parks is bitter. Perhaps, too, it is disappointment that drives him to say some of the things he does. He is intense and he seldom smiles when he talks of his concepts. But he has not lost his sense of humor.

He talked of his album again: "This album deserves to be an alternative. That means that it needs to be designed into a collection in a living room. And if that's not so, I'm gonna start to get hurt, I'm gonna think people think that I have an ugly voice."

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PETER, PAUL & MARY

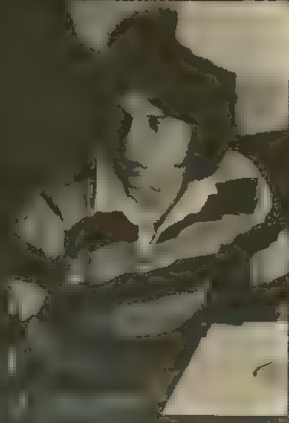
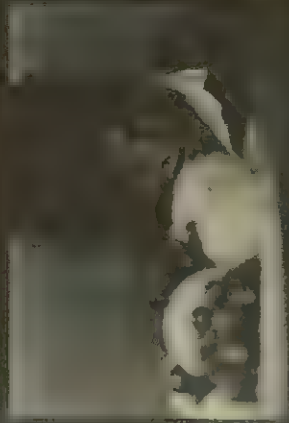


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LOREN EUSSEL

ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: MICK JAGGER

Although one of the most philosophically oriented and intelligent performers around today, Mick Jagger is also one of the most laconic. Since the departure of Andrew Oldham from the affairs of the Rolling Stones, the burden of directing the affairs of the group have fallen on Mick, leaving him little time for much else, including interviews, photographs and all the other routines of the rock and roll star.

This interview and the photographs—probably the finest of Mick Jagger in the last two or three years—were completed in June at the Rolling Stones' business offices in London. The interview was conducted by Jonathan Cott, assisted by Sae Cox. Although it is not the most thorough and complete set of questions and answers it is nonetheless the most extensive discussion yet available with Mick Jagger about the Rolling Stones—Someday the rest will be filled in but in the meantime it's a pleasure to present this as a starter.

The first thing we would like to talk about are your old songs like "Poison Ivy," "Route 66" and... "Poison Ivy," did we ever record that? Oh, yeah. We did two versions of that. I don't know which one you have 'cause it was never released in this country [England]. Where was it released in America?

It wasn't released in America, it was put out in England. It was a very early recording with three other things, an EP.

Right. "Bye Bye Johnny" and "Better Move On." That was the second version.

Why did you choose that type of material in the beginning?

Well, I mean, we were kids, you know, just kids. We did everything and that was a groove. You see "Poison Ivy" was unknown in this country. It wasn't a hit here by the Coasters, and other songs like "Money" were totally unheard of.

Like "I'm a King Bee"?

Well, that was pretty unheard of in America. What I mean is, there were a lot of these hit records in the states that nobody knew about here, we did them and after we thought they weren't good; but at the time it was right.

But the Stones made these songs popular.

No, not really. Everybody did those kind of songs: The Beatles, The Hollies, The Searchers, everyone. I can't explain why.

Isn't it true that with songs like "Come On" and "King Bee" you really re-discovered Slim Harpo and Chuck Berry for a lot of Americans who never listened to that kind of music before?

Yeah. They never knew anything about it and that's why we stopped doing blues. We didn't want to do blues forever, we just wanted to turn people on to other people who were very good and not carry on doing it ourselves. So you could say that we did blues to turn people on, but why they should be turned on by us is unbelievably stupid. I mean what's the point in listening to us doing "I'm a King Bee" when you can listen to Slim Harpo doing it?

At that time did you think you were going to be a writer and get into all your own things as you have?

No, I really didn't think about it much.

Your change in style came about when you thought enough people had been turned on to blues?

I think our change came about the same time a lot of the best groups started. When there were no hit groups and the Beatles were playing The Cavern. We were blues purists who liked ever so commercial things but never did them on stage because we were so horrible and so aware of being blues purists, you know what I mean? You see nobody knew each other in those days. We didn't know the Beatles



The Old Mick Jagger

and the Animals and the this and that and the other group yet we were all doing the same material. We used to be so surprised to hear other people do the same things we were doing. The thing is that the public didn't know about any of this music because the record companies were issuing hundreds of singles a week so naturally most people missed a huge lot of them.

What were the first things you wrote?

The first thing was "Tell Me." Well, that wasn't the first thing we wrote but it was one of the first things we recorded that we had written. Also, "As Tears Go By," "That Girl Belongs to Yesterday," which was a hit here by Gene Pitney. We were writing ballads, don't ask me why.

How did you come to record "I Wanna Be Your Man," the Beatles thing?

Well, we knew them by then and we were rehearsing and Andrew [Oldham] brought Paul and John down to the rehearsal. They said they had this tune, they were really hustlers then. I mean the way they used to hustle tunes was great: "Hey Mick, we've got this great song" [done with a John Lennon accent]. So they played it and we thought it sounded pretty commercial, which is what we were looking for, so we did it like Elmore James or something. I haven't heard it for ages but it must be pretty freaky 'cause nobody really produced it. The guy who happened to be our manager at the time was a 50-year-old northern mill owner [Eric Easton]. It was completely crackers, but it was a hit and sounded great on stage.

What happened during the time between that and "Satisfaction"?

That's a lot of time. I don't know what happened. You say "I Wanna Be Your Man" and I'd forgotten about it. Next came "As Tears Go By." We never dreamed of doing that ourselves when we wrote it. We just gave it straight to Marianne [Faithfull]. We wrote a lot of songs for other people most of which were very unsuccessful.

Did you write "As Tears Go By" specifically for Marianne?

Yeah, but I could never do it again. I keep trying, night after night. Then we did "Not Fade Away" and went to America and that was really a change.

How did that affect you?

Well we started going back to blues a bit more. I remember we went to Chess Recording Studios and recorded all the old blues numbers we used to do, a lot of which have never been released.

Who was doing your production then, Andrew?

Yeah, but he didn't know anything about blues. The cat who really got it together was Ron Marlow, the engineer for Chess. He had been on all the original sessions. We did "Confessin' the Blues," "Down the Road a Piece," and "It's All Over Now." Murray The K gave us "It's All Over Now" which was great because we used to think he was a cunt but he turned us on to something good. It was a great record by the Valentinos but it wasn't a hit.

That was when you first ran into censorship problems with the words "half-assed games." Many of the disc jockeys in the states just cut that part out.

Did they really? I didn't know that. I really don't know what's considered rude in America 'cause it's all so different, isn't it! Here you can use Americanisms and people don't know what you're saying. Censorship is weird.

Even though you had several hits before, "Satisfaction" was really the turn on for a vast majority of people. Was there any specific incident that brought those lyrics to you?

It was Keith really. I mean it was his initial idea. It sounded like a folk song when we first started working on it and Keith didn't like it much, he didn't want it to be a single, he didn't think it would do very well. That's the only time we have had a disagreement.

Even when it was finished, he didn't like it?

I think Keith thought it was a bit basic. I don't think he really listened to it properly. He was too close to it and just felt it was a silly kind of riff.

Did you think "Satisfaction" would become the number one pop song of this era as it has?

No, not at all.

Did you think about the problem of writing a song to follow it?

No, I didn't give a fuck. We knew it wouldn't be as good but so what.

Where were you when you wrote it?

Tampa, Florida by a swimming pool.

Did you do a lot of your writing on tour?

Oh yeah, always. It's the best place to write because you're just totally into it. You get back from a show, have something to eat, a few beers and just go to your room and write. I used to write about twelve songs in two weeks on tour. It gives you lots of ideas. At home it's very difficult because you don't want to do anything really but read and, things like that.

I'd like to ask you a personal question about "Play With Fire." There are lines about getting your kicks in Knightsbridge and Stepney, and a rich girl, and her father's away and there is a suggestion that the guy in the song is having an affair not only with the daughter but with the mother...

Ah, the imagination of teenagers! Well one always wants to have an affair with one's mother. I mean it's a turn on.

Often times when you record, you mumble your lyrics. Is this done purposely as a style?

That's when the bad lines come up. I mean I don't think the lyrics are that important. I remember when I was very young, this is very serious, I read an article by Fats Domino which has really influenced me. He said "you should never sing the lyrics out very clearly."

You can really hear "I got my thrill on Blueberry Hill."

Exactly, but that's the only thing you can hear just like you hear "I can't get no satisfaction." It's true what he said though. I used to have great fun deciphering lyrics. I don't try to make them so obscure that nobody can understand but on the other hand I don't try not to. I just do it as it comes.

For some reason people don't think about the fact that you and Keith are great writers and your lyrics like "Get Off Of My Cloud," which are really good...

Oh they're not, they're crap. "Union Jacks and Windscreens"... It's a nice poem.

It's nothing. Thank you for the compliment but I don't think they are great at all. If a person is that hung up on lyrics he can go and buy the sheet music because it's all there, all wrong of course but... You should see the one for "Dandelion," they made up another song!

How did you feel when you went on the Ed Sullivan show and had to change the lyrics from "Let's spend the night together" to "Let's spend some time together"?

I never said "time." I really didn't. I said mumble. "Let's spend some mmmmm together, let's spend some mmmmm together." The would have cut it off if I had said "night."

When you first came to San Francisco in 1965, the Diggers put out a proclamation calling the Stones the embodiment of what they represented, the breaking up of old values. This came about after a series of songs like "19th Nervous Breakdown," "Mother's Little Helpers," "Have You Seen Your Mother"...

"Have You Seen Your Mother" was like the ultimate freakout. We came to a full stop after that. I just couldn't make it with that any more, what more could we say.

But obviously these songs bothered people because for the first time rock songs were saying things that couldn't be said before, not just on a sex level like old blues tunes "I'll squeeze your lemon till the juice runs down your leg" you don't get close to things like that but what you said was strong.

I like that one very much, we used to do it. It's spending all the time in America. All these songs were written in America. It is a great place to write because all the time you are being bombarded with all of it and you can't help but try and put it in some kind of form. I think the Mothers of Invention do it so well. You could never be the Mothers if you lived here. I don't know why, you just couldn't. It's all here as well, but not so obvious. As far as I'm concerned those songs just reflect what's going on.

What about people who see your songs as political or sociological statements?

Well it's interesting but it's just the Rolling Stones sort of rambling on about what they feel.

But no other group seems to do that.

They do, lots of groups. What other group ever wrote a song like "19th Nervous Break-



down," or "Mother's Little Helper"? Well, Bob Dylan.

That's not really the same thing. Dylan once said "I could have written 'Satisfaction' but you couldn't have written 'Tamborine Man.'"

He said that to you? No, to Keith.

What did he mean? He wasn't putting you down was he?

Oh yeah, of course he was. But that was just funny, it was great. That's what he's like. It's true but I'd like to hear Bob Dylan sing "I Can't Get No Satisfaction."

Did you like Otis Redding's version?

Yeah, I dug it but . . . not . . . well I dug it. I think it's great cause it's sort of . . . no I'm not going to say. Well the sounds were great and he was great when he first started off singing but then it sort of went into oooh, aaah, gotta gotta gotta which is great because that's his scene but I like Aretha Franklin's better. I was very turned on that Otis cut it.

Your songs about girls like "Out Of Time," "Please Go Home," "Gotta Get Away," "Yesterday's Papers," "Lady Jane" and many more like "Back Street Girl" seem rather bitter and mean whereas "She Smiled Sweetly," "Ruby Tuesday," "Like A

Rainbow" are all about mystical girls.

Different girls. I don't know what to say except they speak for themselves. They are all very unthought-out songs. I write them and they are never looked at again.

But it sounds as though you mean it at the time.

Well I do, that's the scene. Those songs reflect the day and a few stupid chicks getting on my nerves. "Lady Jane" is a complete sort of very weird song. I don't really know what that's all about myself. All the names are historical but it was really unconscious that they should fit together from the same period.

Satanic Majesties is probably the most controversial LP you've had, people either hated it or loved it. It seems to be a personal statement rather than a collection of songs. What were your original ideas about putting it together?

None at all. Absolutely no idea behind it. No, it's wrong to say there is or was no idea at all, there was but it was all completely external. It was done over such a long period of time that eventually it just evolved. The first thing we did was "She's A Rainbow," then "2000 Light Years From Home," then "Citadel" and it just got freakier as we went along. Then we did "Sing This Song

All Together" and "On With The Show," "The Lantern" and then Bill's one (In Another Land). It took almost a whole year to make, not because it's so fantastically complex that we needed a whole year but because we were so strung out.

That was the year in which several arrests were made.

Yeah that took a lot of time plus we didn't know if we had a producer or not. Sometimes Andrew would turn up, sometimes he wouldn't. We never knew if we would be in jail or what. Keith and I never sat down and played the songs to each other. We just made that album for what it is.

Were you happy when it was finished?

I was happy yeah. I breathed a sigh of relief because we had finally finished it. It's just there to take it or leave it.

Were any of the songs written after your or Brian's arrest?

I'm very conscious of the fact that it doesn't reflect that in any of the songs. That they aren't all about policemen as they could well have been. But it is an album like Aftermath is an album but December's Children isn't, it's just a collection of songs.

Is there any one album you consider your best?

Well no. I like our first album very much 'cause it's all the stuff we used to do on stage. Then I like Aftermath 'cause I like the songs, although I don't like the way some of them were done.

What about Between The Buttons?

I don't like that much.

Why?

I don't know, it just isn't any good. "Back Street Girl" is about the only one I like.

Going back to Satanic Majesties for a minute. I've noticed that there seems to be a constant mood of sleeping and dreaming throughout the whole thing.

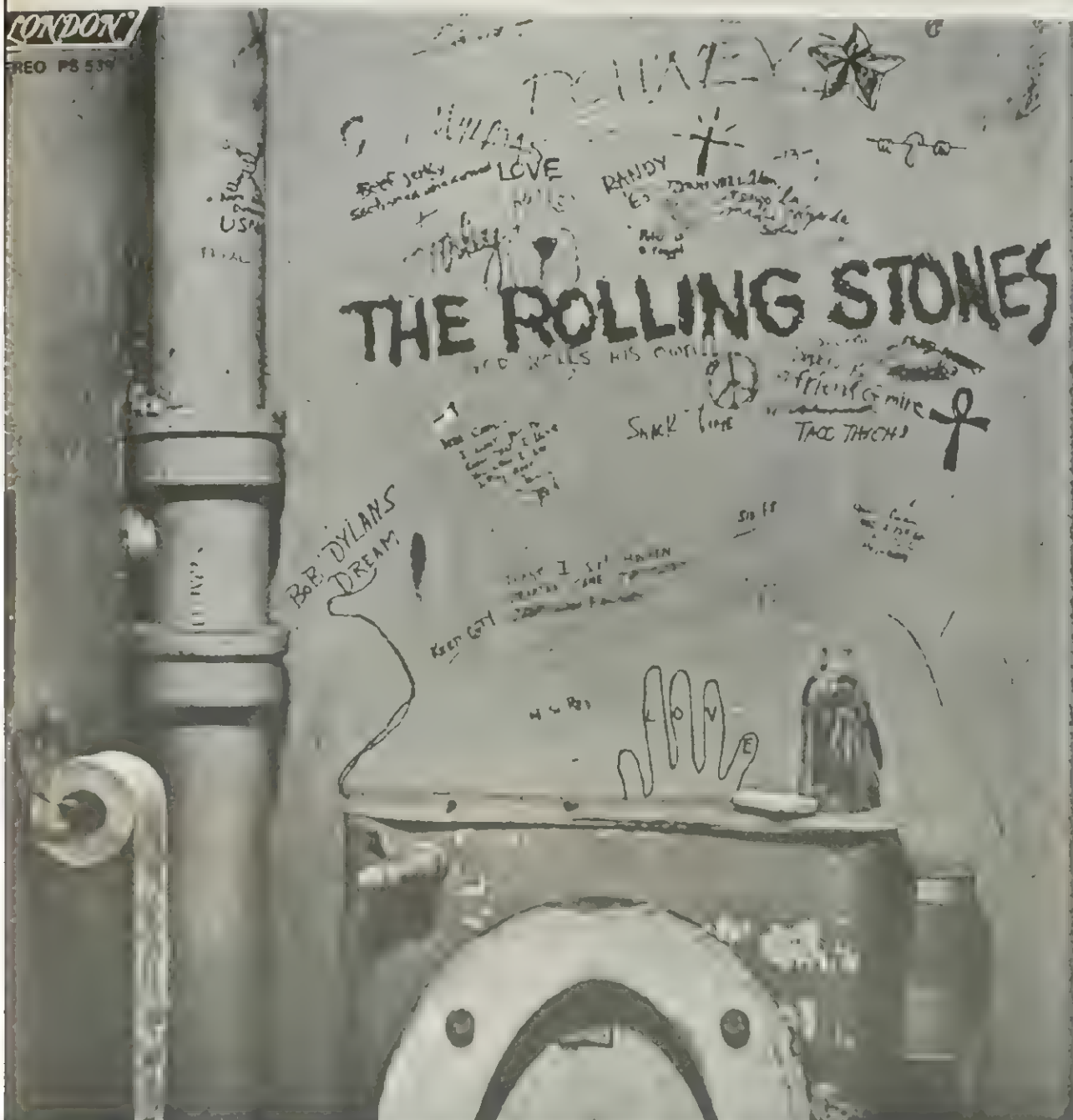
I read somewhere else that it was supposed to be about travelling which is weird too 'cause it is when you come to look at it that way. You heard what? Dreaming and waking up? I don't know, maybe it is. That's great if you get that from it, that's fantastic.

There also seem to be certain words which constantly reappear like ritual objects, for instance "light," "high," and "flower." Am I just reading into it or was that done purposefully?

I don't know what to think about it. It's very weird really and doesn't have anything to do with me. It hasn't got any sort of songs in it, all the words are very obscure, no

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they aren't really. "2000 Light Years" isn't. That is my favorite but it's lousy in stereo.

Do you feel that *Satanic Verses* was your first attempt at the "Strawberry Fields" type of music.

Well it's a very heady album, very spaced out.

What can we expect to hear in your new album "Beggars Banquet"?

"Jumpin' Jack Flash" is the most basic thing we have done this time, although that may or may not be in the album. There are a couple country tunes 'cause we've always liked country music.

Have you been influenced by The Byrds and Dylan with their country albums?

Yeah but Keith has always been country. That's what his scene was. We still think of country songs as a bit of a joke I'm afraid. We don't really know anything about country music really, we're just playing games. We aren't really into it enough to know. I think it's going to be a good album.

Are you interested in doing stage performances again?

I'd like to do them but the thought of going on stage and playing "Satisfaction," "Paint It Black," "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and six others just doesn't appeal to me.

What if you could have a quiet

and receptive audience?

I don't think it's going to be like that. I'd like to perform and I think the Stones would but we're stuck because we feel it's no good having everybody sit down and be quiet. I don't want anybody to have to do anything. I think they should do whatever they like. Pop concerts are just gathering of people who want to have a good time and I don't think they really have a higher meaning.

People say that audiences are listening now, but to what? Like the Rolling Stones on stage just isn't the Boston Pops Symphony Orchestra. It's a load of noise. On record it can be quite musical but when you get to the stage it's no virtuoso performance. It's a rock and roll act, a very good one, and nothing more.

It is hard to imagine you doing your *sexy thing*, jumping about with everyone just sitting there quietly listening.

Right. I certainly don't want to go on stage and just stand there like Scott Walker and be ever so pretentious. I can't hardly sing, you know what I mean? I'm no Tom Jones and I couldn't give a fuck. The whole thing is a performance of a very basic nature, it's exciting and that's what it should be. The idea of doing it all over again is a drag. I'd like

very much to have someone produce a show with us. I'd like that, I'd really like to do that.

Do you ever feel guilty about getting up on stage and pointing to those little girls and singing "Everybody Needs Somebody" when you really don't want them at all?

Of course I want them.

What sort of show would you hope to be able to do with someone producing it?

When I say produced I don't mean slick and corny, I mean crazy and mad. Something to add to the excitement. I loved the show we did at Wembley [The Stones played two numbers as a surprise to an audience who came to see Mick accept an award from the New Music Express as the "best R&B group of the year"] but it was two numbers and that's all I could make. Maybe when we finish the new album and have twelve new songs to do then we can get something together.

You're getting into films now aren't you?

Yeah, well you can do a lot with film.

What is it like to work with Jean-Luc Godard, the director?

I don't know him very well. Godard is a very nice man. I mean I've seen all his pictures and I think they're groovy.

What is "One Plus One" about?

I have no idea really. I know he's shooting with color film used by astronauts when re-entering the earth's atmosphere. I mean he's completely freaky. I think the idea for the movie is great but I don't think it will be the same when it is finished.

What is the idea Godard has told you?

Well it's his [Godard's] wife who plays the lead chick. She comes to London and gets totally destroyed with some spade cat. Gets involved with drugs or something. Anyway, while she is getting destroyed we find the Rolling Stones freaking out at the recording studio making these sounds.

Godard happened to catch us on two very good nights. He might have come every night for two weeks and just seen us looking at each other with blank faces and it would have been the same side of the coin as the chick destroying herself and us sitting there looking bored. One night he got us going over and over this song called "Sympathy For The Devil." It started out as a folk thing like "Jigsaw Puzzle" but that didn't make it so we kept going over it and changing it until finally it comes out as a samba. So Godard



has the whole thing from beginning to end. That's something I've always wanted to do on film. It's probably very boring to most people but when he's finished cutting it, it will be great.

When is "The Performance" due to begin?

August something.

Wasn't the script written especially for you?

Yeah, I mean it's very much me. I'm going to make it if I can, different to me. I mean, he is me, the me on that album cover. He is supposed to be a great writer, like Dylan. But he's completely immersed in himself, he's a horrible person really.

How do you feel about acting as opposed to singing on stage?

I don't know. They are both just projections of your ego, which you're not supposed to have, but you can't do it without. You certainly can't act without it, that's why the Maharishi had so much trouble. This character in the film has this fantastic ego thing, which is alright 'cause I can make that. If people get the feeling that you are out there with them, and if you come on strong then you'll make it. It's just a matter of looking confident, being confident and believing the part, then it's cool.

Do you think this might open a movie career for you?

No, not really. We are doing another film in November which is fantastic.

It's called "The Maxigasm." I can't really say much about it, but it's great.

Who is directing it?

A few freaks.

What did you think of "2001"?

It was one of the best movies I've ever seen. It's a very commercial movie. I really got hung up on the audience more than the movie. They kept leaving at the freaky parts 'cause they just couldn't make it. I think the point of the movie is that he [Kubrick] wants to get this whole thing across to the mass audience. He's fantastically interested in doing all these games with the spaceship models and all, that's his hangup, but it's incidental. The point is to freak everybody out, which he is very good at. But if you have already been through all that then you can turn onto all the other's levels.

If you haven't then you get totally looned out because all the time you are being brought home by all these telephone calls and plastic shoes and you think "ah it's just like home really, it's alright." He lets you identify with it. I mean the toilet thing is the greatest, it's so awful. He spent so much time doing that it's almost heart rending. It's like he's saying, "get it across to these people but give them a bit of relief." Then at the end it all happens. You've forgotten about the stone as soon as you enter the Space Hilton, you can think it was a bad dream, until he brings it back.

People's comments are the greatest. "you need a lot of imagination to understand the movie," "it's a million dollar put on."

I heard a little girl coming out of the theater saying that the slab was just a big block of hash.

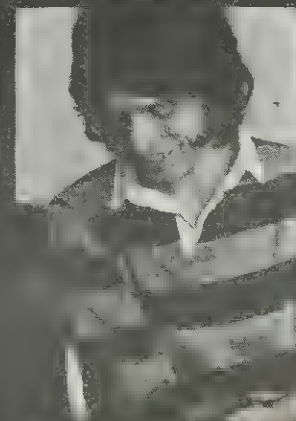
That's fantastic!

Do you find it difficult not having any privacy?

Difficult? No, it's really nice and easy. The only hang up is the fuzz. Now that's a drag. Once you get in trouble with the police, you're always in trouble and that's it. Before, we were never in trouble and they were always very nice to us. They should be looking after people and turning American tourists away from Piccadilly Circus. That's the only hang-up but it doesn't have anything to do with being me.

Do you feel that the police made a definite effort to pick on the Stones?

Well, there always has been. Before all the hassle it was just the boring newspapers, but when the fuzz start getting into that, it can be very draggy. They have the wherewithall to do it to you if they want to. The newspapers can only scream from their drunken haunts like The Wig & Feather Club but they can't do anything, the police can.





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VISUALS:

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Past months have brought an unprecedented number of Black art shows, new galleries devoted to Black artists, art classes and workshops in Black communities. Many of these have been carried out with a maximum of integrity and Black direction; Black Art is no longer just another White Con, conceived as an anti-riot palliative or do-good project to warm the cockles of white liberal hearts.

Still, the results have been far from conclusive. As with any large number of artists, you find a few things that are heavy, a few that are crappy and a broad spectrum of mediocrity between. What you find only rarely, if at all, is a recognizable quality that makes Black art essentially different from white art, or something besides a mere reaction to white art. There is, at least as yet, no strong, cohesive and identifiable Black expression in the visual arts, equivalent to Soul in music.

There are, of course, good reasons. A tradition in music can survive longer than a tradition in art, if only because it is easier to make music while doing field work than to carve wood or paint canvases. The African visual tradition was always a more restricted affair in the first place than African music, with participation usually confined to special cases or tribal societies, and it was closely bound up with religion. African influence managed to survive slavery in isolated instances: The "slave" ceramic pottery, with its grinning, idol-like faces, a few carved figures dating up into the 1830's. But, for the most part, it died, like the tribal religions, customs, histories and languages.

These were subversive to the rigidly divided and conquered social structure that slavery required; and no one was capable of finding merit

in African visual forms much before Picasso. Music, on the other hand, was something to encourage—it kept the slaves happy and out of trouble; unlike animistic gods, demons and talismans, it was also highly adaptable to the Christian church service.

The Black visual artist today is in much the same position as Jewish artists were not long ago—without any continuing visual tradition of his own—at the same time, he is confronted with revolutionary social conditions of the kind that confronted Mexican artists in the Thirties, and with an Establishment art that has become abstract and de-popularized to the nth degree.

The preponderance of Black painting and sculpture, at least at present, is stylistically traditional, even reactionary, and full of paradox. One of the most vigorous movements involves a return to the more or less pure forms of African sculpture itself, a neo-primitivism in a variety of tribal styles; it parallels other manifestations of Black Nationalist revivalism. Black artists working in this bag often do so exquisitely and forcefully. Ironically, though, primitive forms have more meaning to the white sophisticate who is hip on African art and the various forms of its influence in modern western art, than to other Black viewers; while American Black artists imitate and re-work the forms of African sculpture as a symbol of Black dignity, African Black artists engage in turning out assembly-line reproductions of African sculpture for the white tourist trade. With the rise of other forms of neo-African culture, neo-African art may become a more popular expression. Still, it represents a retreat into a past that, for the most part, no longer exists; it can provide a pattern of forms, but hardly the feeling of urgency to give them meanings that are relevant to 1968 U.S.A.

Most other forms of Black figurative art do, on the other hand, aim at the simple identification of a popular, or people's, art. They are most often highly traditional, in the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant sense, with the added factor that they often reflect a half-century of estrange-

BLACK ART

ment from modern art currents, a heritage of calendar art and popular illustration.

Ervin H. Cobs is an artist who does litho-ink portraits of historic Black figures—Chaka, Dessalines, Alexander Petion and a Black Jesus—in sculptural ebony blacks with glistening white highlights, and with whole worlds reflected in the gleaming pupils of staring eyes; his people have the presence of William Blake's visionary portraits of the heroic figures he imagined sitting in his studio. An artist named John Britton gets a similar intensity in portraits done in colored inks. You can see, or read, a vaguely African quality in the emphasis on heads, eyes and a solemn intensity of expression. Basically, they are conventional portraits, with a supernatural presence. One feels that, if there is such a thing as soul art, this is one of its forms.

Black artists who venture into abstraction have, first of all, to contend with the charge of selling out. The trend is generally applauded by white liberal critics, like a college degree, or \$10,000 a year income, it is a symbol of successful social assimilation, a sign the system that turned shanties into lace curtains is still working. Abstraction is, naturally, impossible for any working artist to ignore; some of the strongest national and cultural traditions have been absorbed by internationalism, often to the point of caricature.

Aside from considerations of Black identity, the main problem with Black abstraction is simply that what one sees (at least what I've seen) is not very exciting. Like much of the abstract art of the Soviet Union, Latin America or other areas removed from the major world centers of action, it is usually a tasteful or not so tasteful reworking of some international style that has already lost most of its momentum, or soul;

it sometimes resembles copies from color-plates in coffee-table art books. Avante-Garde movements are, to a large degree, products of affluence, even more, they are products of an overdose of tradition. Claes Oldenbergh can order a hole dug in a New York park, with union gravediggers at city expense, and fill it up again with an undeniable logic and relevance; for a Black artist to do the same is, at this point, all but unthinkable. The energies of a Black Claes Oldenbergh are channeled not into revolutionary artistic gestures, but into social and political revolution.

"Black art is anything done by a Black artist," the director of a Black artists' gallery told me when the gallery opened last year. His definitions hints at one critical factor: At least now, there simply aren't that many Black artists working; anything they do is reason for justifiable Black pride.

It also suggests that it may be entirely futile to look for a Black art, as any identifiable, cohesive, soul-style thing, a tradition suddenly sprung whole-cloth into being. Black artists, like white artists, will work in whatever style has most personal relevance—neo-primitive, traditional figure painting, a Mexican style revolutionary art, or, if the revolution makes any headway, a growing trend toward abstraction.

This would make the white liberal critics at least partially right. On the other hand, soul is basically a state of feeling, and it is going to hold its own no matter what form it happens to take. Enough soul and know-how can produce a Black Orococo. And there are, of course, advantages to being alienated from the grip of a dominating visual tradition. A single Black artist who takes these advantages to their fullest can easily prove wrong just about everything I've said.

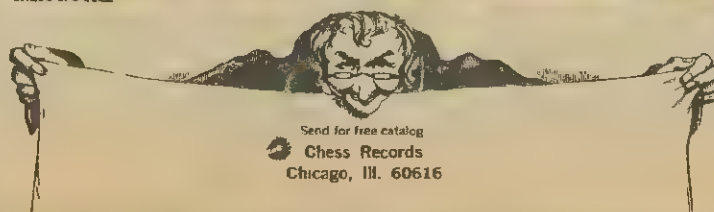
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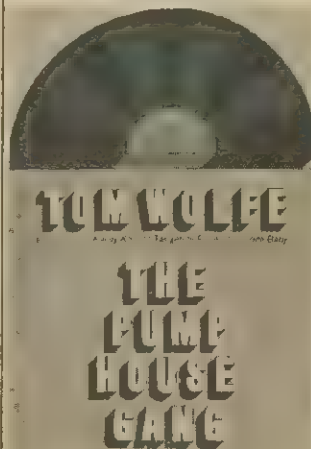
The Pump House Gang, by Tom Wolfe (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; \$5.95, 309 pp.).

Tom Wolfe thinks that we are in the middle of a "Happiness Explosion." People all over America and England are finding new ways of enjoying—extending their egos way out on the best terms available, namely their own. All this is due to the great amount of money and free time that's around these days. Instead of trying to compete for status in the old way, people are setting up their own "statuspheres," with their own rules.

Now Wolfe is undoubtedly right about the new options. As he says, kids used to only have four options at 19 or 20. Staying at home, getting a job, going to school or joining the Army. All of these have severe drawbacks. "But suddenly," he says, "the idea of there being enough money around somewhere, somehow, or being able to live life on your own terms with a lot of other people like yourself — it is very appealing."

Most of the essays in *The Pump House Gang* are about people who have chosen such new options. They don't have to be young. Wolfe's interest in a subject seems to be motivated by the fact that success or failure is measured in new terms. Success for Hugh Hefner is his own private mansion, where he rules his empire from an enormous round bed surrounded by dials and knobs and TV cameras. He is "The King of the Status Dropouts." Success for Bob and Spike Scull, who have made it in upper-class New York society is a little more difficult to define — "People are now reaching the top without quite knowing what on earth they have reached the top of."

Perhaps because status is so relative — you have to be on top of something — Wolfe's most successful pieces in the book are about



England, where the class system remains relatively entrenched. The people he writes about there are in a society where class lines stay still long enough so there is something you can compare things to.

"The Noonday Underground" is about Tiles, a club working class kids go to during their lunch hours. Tiles is a fascinating alternative to the class-job system, but it exists because there is nowhere else for these kids to go. No matter how hard they work, they still can't really make it in England. There are very few Beatles. Two of the most human people in the book are "The Mid Atlantic Man" and the girl in "The Life and Hard Times of a Teenage

London Society Girl." They are both close enough to the top of the class structure to be painfully aware that they can't make it — and their attempts to set up their own worlds are painfully unsuccessful.

In order to set up your own statusphere, you have to really not want conventional status. That's where the surfers, "The Pump House Gang," seem to do better. They aren't rebels, and they aren't trying to find a new way of getting to an old place. All they want is to be let alone. Bruce Brown, the surfing-movie millionaire, even bought his own forest in the Sierras.

One day, right after he bought it, he was on the edge of his forest, where the road comes into it, and one of these big rancher king mothereros with the broad belly and the \$70 tulle safari shirt comes tooling up in a Pontiac convertible with a funnel of dust pouring out behind. He gravels it to a great flashy stop and yells:

"Hey! You!"

"Yeah," says Bruce Brown.

"Don't you know this is private property?"

"Yeah," says Bruce Brown.

"Well, then, why don't you get your ass off it?"

"Because it's mine, it's my private property," says Bruce Brown. "Now you get yours off it."

Now this is everybody's fantasy come true. We would all like to be Bruce Brown sitting on the edge of that road. And whether we really would like to be the other people Wolfe talks about, the point is, they are fun to read about. And all these new things that are happening they're important. And Wolfe, unlike most people who try to write about important things, neither makes them dull or too painful to bear. (There is only so much you can take.)

Wolfe does a thing on what happens to people who live in cities, called "O Rotten Gotham — Sliding Down into the Behavior Sink." It begins, "I just spent two days with Edward T. Hall, an anthropologist, watching thousands of my fellow

New Yorkers short-circuiting themselves into hot little twitching death balls with jolts of their own adrenalin." The old way of getting people to do something would have been to simply pile up the facts and assume that when the public was educated to the reality, it would jump up and change things. But people don't behave that way, if they ever did. There are too many intolerables around. . . . rational outrage is irrelevant, if all it makes you do is run away and not think about that anymore. But Tom Wolfe makes it possible to think about the intolerable, which has got to be a step towards doing something about it.

And Marshall McLuhan does the same thing. "What If He Is Right?" is mostly about the phenomenon of McLuhan, about people who want McLuhan in their corner, just in case he happens to have something. All of which says a lot about where the United States is at, but misses the point about McLuhan. Wolfe points out some of the cheery implications of McLuhan's theories — no more bitter nationalism, no more shut-out minority groups, no more tedious jobs. But it doesn't really matter what the implications are — the point is, that McLuhan provides a way of thinking about the unthinkable.

And there are a lot of unthinkable things going on. Not that the world is that different maybe, but at least we used to have a better idea of where we were at. Wolfe says that if you wanted to invest in a stock right now, the best thing to buy at this point in history would be a good self-realization company. And that's true. But it doesn't mean we're in the middle of a happiness explosion. It's probably more like a desperate search.

Tom Wolfe notices the right things. And he writes well — sometimes he gets a little heavy-handed in the process of reacting, and his reactions get in the way of yours. But he's fun to read. And you'll learn some things. And he draws very nice pictures.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

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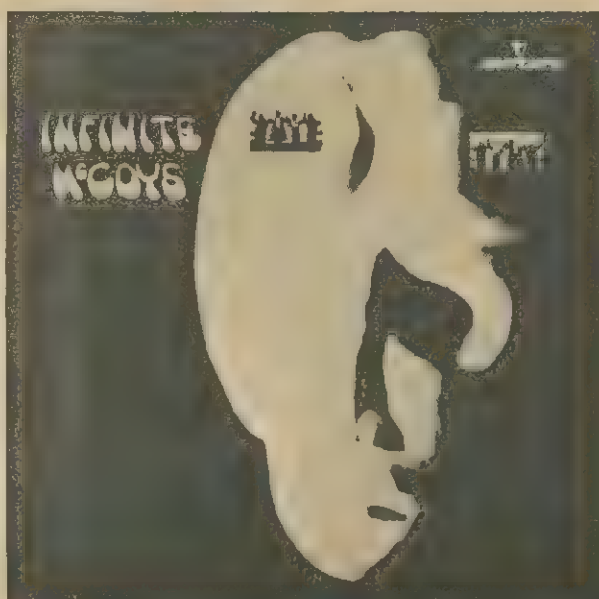
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ELECTRONIC ROLL

"Composition is the process of finding the note that most inevitably follows the one you've got."—Bill Gietz.

BY EDMUND O. WARD

I've been doing a lot of yawning recently. Maybe it's this case of mono I'm alleged to have. Also, I've been listening to a lot of electronic and experimental music, courtesy of Columbia and Mercury Records, so maybe it's not the mono. No, it's the stereo. It sits there across the room from me and makes these sounds. Some of them are nice, but I find myself saying the same thing my parents used to say about rock: "Yeah, but is it music?"

Well, what is music? I've always contended that it's ordered sound. Edgar Varèse defined it as organized sound. I think I like that definition better, but I don't think the two are mutually exclusive. Webster says that organized means "arranged or formed into a coherent unity or functioning whole" and ordered means "marked . . . by a regular or harmonious arrangement or disposition."

So, given all this, what seems to be wrong with these records?

Well, they seem to divide into three convenient categories. To begin with, we have the straight orchestral avant-garde compositions employing such principles as indeterminacy and graph-scoring in parts. On *Bernstein Conducts Music of Our Time Vol. 2* (Columbia MS-7052), there is an admirable effort by Lukas Foss called *Phorion*, which attempts to dissect and fragment the elements of a Bach fugue among strings, electric organ, electric piano, and (gasp) electric guitar.

The device used here is to have each section play more or less on its own and inaudibly unless called forth by the conductor. The piece begins pretty straight forwardly and the falling apart is accomplished nicely. A percussion section appears (what part of the fugue are they playing?) and the piece ends with a nice wham-bang finale with the whole orchestra and the electric instruments up full blast, but with elements of the fugue still audible amidst the remarkable din. I would be happier knowing the rationale for the percussion section, but all in all, it's a remarkably human avant-garde piece.

Unfortunately, the rest of the record hardly lives up to the opener. Gunther Schuller has a long bit of cacophony called *Trippism* and Soviet composer Edison Denisov is represented by his *Proscendo E Dmnuendo*, which proves that although they live under a strict totalitarian regime where all art is controlled, some Russian composers have the courage to write academic serial stuff that is just as boring as that produced by their Western colleagues.

Also incredibly boring is *Mikrofonie II* for choir, Hammond organ and ring modulators by Karlheinz Stockhausen (CBS 32 11 0044). In this piece, we are treated to fifteen minutes of choruses giggling, twittering and screeching while the composer mixes the sounds with the organ through the ring modulator. For some reason, during all this there are excerpts from some of the composer's recorded electronic works playing in the background.

Mikrofonie I, on the other side, belongs to the next category: percussion, live and electronically altered. It reminds me of some things I used to do in junior high with a friend's tape recorder. The instrumentation is one tamtam (a kind of cymbal), two microphones, and two filters and volume controls. The microphone players move the microphones back and forth towards and away from the tamtam while two other performers strike it and two others alter the sound electronically.

As in *II*, the so-called compositional structure ("explained" in the notes) is so broad as to allow for most anything and the piece is a half hour of unmitigated boredom (of a crashing sort).

Perhaps the best-known percussionist in this country's avant-garde is Max Neuhaus, whose concerts are remarkable for the speed with which he flies amongst his incredible battery of instruments. Lacking this visual element, however, his record, *Electronics and Percussion* (Columbia MS-1139) merely points up the weaknesses of the pieces he performs. Earle Brown's *Four Systems*, realized on four amplified cymbals, is an interesting study in texture, but the rest of the pieces (by Feldman, Bussotti, Stockhausen, and Cage) suffer from the same lack of musicality as defined above.

The third percussion disc is by the Percussions (of Strassbourg) (Limelight LS-86051) and features works by two totally unknown composers, Ohana and Kabelac, along with plenty of reasons why they are that way. The notes, as on all the Limelight releases, are designed for some purpose other than to be read, and if you take time and trouble to read them, they prove incomprehensible.

All of which leads us to the next category: that of pure electronics. The recorded examples of this genre are plentiful, with more becoming available every day, yet the quality is almost uniformly low. By and large, each piece sounds like the others, and after a while it becomes impossible to tell them apart. This is a shame, since this is a medium that has unlimited potential.

There are a number of problems that electronic composers are either unwilling to consider or else have just plain never thought of. For instance, there is the problem of what might be called orchestration. There is an unlimited palette of possible sound that can be made with today's equipment—in fact, all known sound is available. Many of these compositions employ so many different sounds in so short a timespan that there is no perceivable continuity.

Milton Babbitt has said "All we really know so far (about musical perception) is how little we really know about how we hear music." Well, I may add an observation that an audience conditioned to follow lines advanced by a severely limited set of sound generators that remain constant throughout the performance is going to perceive an overabundance of coloristic devices and types of generated sound as chaos. It seems to me that greater rapport might be gained by restricting coloration to subtle alteration of a given small set of constantly employed sounds, thereby achieving some continuity of orchestration. In other words, instead of rushing madly about the sonic spectrum in order to achieve an effect, to try for the same end with a greater economy of means might be the greater art, as opposed to a virtuoso display of skill.

The timespan, too, is important. The listener should have time to follow what is happening in a given structure, rather than having it swept away before he has had time to notice it, to be replaced by something different and, usually (or seemingly), unrelated.

Why can't more electronic compositions resemble Yves Tanguy's landscapes where the viewer is given no reality-centered (i.e. tonality-centered) symbolism to grasp (as he is with Magritte, say), but nevertheless finds the picture to be cohesive, comprehensible, and overwhelmingly affective even though there is nothing on the canvas that he could possibly relate to any previously experienced visual stimulus? So much electronic

music is seemingly un- or a-systemic. Much of this music, we are told, is like its serialist ancestors, written along strict formal lines in accordance with an unyielding set of rules. We cannot perceive its genius, we are told, if we are unaware of the system.

But so much of the music I love is formed the same way. I know nothing of the mechanics of fugue, yet Bach's keyboard works move me. I understand little of Webern's serialist notions, but this does not diminish my delight in, say, his *Five Pieces for Orchestra*. Western composers mastered monophony before polyphony, melody before serialism—why is electronic music not following a similar evolutionary path? These composers have experimented admirably with techniques, but not with form. This accounts for the sterility in so much electronic music, rather than the fact that the sounds are alien or artificial. We can learn to rope with that, as the acceptance of rock has shown.

So what we are left with here is six albums, almost totally electronic. Columbia has a disc (MS-7051) with works by Cage, Babbitt, and Pousseur, who are some of the most respected names in the business. The Cage is a very long *Variations II* in which David Tudor does some things with a piano studded with contact microphones and played with amplified toothpicks, pipecleaners, and what have you. It's not much fun to listen to, but, then, it should never have been recorded in the first place.

Milton Babbitt is one of the leading musical academicians in this country, and his *Ensembles for Synthesizer* is a collection of thousands of sounds that disappear and appear with no apparent order. It is boring chiefly because there are so many sections "no two of which are identical, and no one of which is of more than a few seconds duration in this ten minute work," as he says in the notes, and I've already commented on that. Pousseur's work is a long conventional, and disorganized work about the city of Liege in Belgium, and is as dull as last year's Liege Town Council minutes.

Limelight has repackaged a set of records that came out earlier this year on Mercury, giving them the exotic titles of *Images Fantastiques* (LS-86047) and *Panorama Electronique* (LS-86048). The composers represented read like a list of what was happening in Europe ten years ago (Berio, Maderna, Xenakis, Kagel, Henry, Ligeti, Pousseur, etc.) and, in fact, all of these compositions are between eight and ten years old. The art has advanced quite a bit since then, and some of these pieces are embarrassingly bad, while others are just plain dull. The notes are about as obscurantistic as they come: "the succession of briefly prolonged elements gradually loses importance and the rhythmic factors tend to take on the nature of sound color." The covers are pretty, though.

The first full-record-length electronic work I've ever run up against is Pierre Henry's *Le Voyage* (LS-86049), which is based on *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* (say, doesn't that title mean . . .?). The trip sounded better (but not much) when the Electric Flag took it with Peter Fonda, although in all fairness the first and last sections of this work (describing the last and first breath of the "voyager") are amazingly descriptive, disorienting in minutest detail the sound of one inhalation and exhalation. The other sections are rather prosaic, with evil deities sounding just like friendly deities and so forth.

Although one might never guess it, there is some fine stuff in this collection. One disc I'm almost ashamed

to praise is *Song of the Second Moon* (Limelight LS-86050), which is subtitled "The Sonic Vibrations of Tom Dissevelt and Kid Baltan." Dissevelt and Baltan are apparently two Dutch composers, although the notes are too busy telling you how you don't need to be embarrassed to listen to electronic music to elucidate this point. What they have done is to take some rather nice pop-style tunes and realize them electronically. The composers' musical abilities and proficiency with whatever type of synthesizer they used keeps this from falling into the gloopy muzak bag, and in many places the listener's ear is challenged just as much as with good rock. The one piece that really doesn't make it is a silly overlong bit of plucking and scraping on the inside of a piano—the kind of thing that Henry Cowell did a lot better thirty years ago. If you like odd fare to spice up your record collection, this is highly recommended.

More experimental and more in the direction that electronic music is trying to go is an Odyssey disc entitled *New Sounds in Electronic Music* (32-160160), which features compositions by three of today's younger American composers, Richard Maxfield, Pauline Oliveros, and Steve Reich. Maxfield's *Night Music* is the least remarkable of the three, being an electronic evocation of some of the twittering and chirping noises made at night by crickets and tree toads and such. As sound effects, it's well done, but musically it is too long and doesn't move anywhere once it's started. Maxfield is a prolific composer, and it's too bad they couldn't have included his *Electronic Synphony* instead. Miss Oliveros' *I of IV* uses a compositional technique (explained in detail in the notes) that guarantees an organized series of events and is a harrowing, if overlong, exposition of super- and sub-audible notes.

The real masterpiece of the collection, though, is Steve Reich's *Come Out*, in which one phrase, "come out to show them," is set in tape-loop motion in both channels. Gradually, the channels move out of synch with one another, and then two voices are introduced in each channel, going out of synch with each other both within and between the channels. By the end of the piece, there are four voices in each channel, the sounds have long ceased to resemble human speech, and the resulting sound is a texture that the ear can organize in many different ways, perceiving any of the multiple rhythms present as well as an occasional "come out." With an absolute paucity of material, Reich has produced a work of exciting complexity which is strictly ordered in its movement while at the same time providing an excitingly new aural experience. And on top of that, the record only costs a buck ninety-eight.

As I said, it's really too bad that so much of this stuff has to be so disappointing. Western composers are going to have to go through many crises before they discover how to use such an abstract artform but, as the Odyssey release shows, this problem is beginning to be dealt with. Meanwhile, I would like to see a record company come out with a good collection of recent Japanese electronic music. There are literally hundreds of pieces available many from the studios of the NHK (Japanese Radio). Such prolific composers as Toshi Ichyanagi and Koniharu Akiyama are not represented on vinyl. Younger American composers, also, are poorly represented. But maybe that's as it should be. After all, some of the dullest composers of our day seem to be some of the most heavily subsidized.

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BOOKER T & THE M.G.'S

Three issues back, in *Rolling Stone* No. 16, we ran an extensive interview with one of the top Memphis bands, Star recording artists Booker T. and the M.G.'s. It was so extensive, in fact, that there wasn't room for all of it in that issue.

As promised, we are running the remainder. Guitarist Steve Cropper, drummer Al Jackson and bassist Duck Dunn comment on selected tracks. Here, then, is a musician's eye view.

"DRIVING WHEEL"

JUNIOR PARKER

Al: What can you say about a tune like that? It's there, all the ingredients are there. Junior is not an excitable singer. That's a good piece of material, that's a perfect tune. We need more tunes like that. I'd like to get a hold of more material like that. That's blues, I believe Wayne Bennett is on guitar and it sounds as though he is playing it at another speed. Like he recorded by himself, but he is really at another speed or maybe he's just that fast. I've only seen him a couple of times and he's a groovy guitar player. The rhythm is there, the arrangement is there, the lyrics are there and so is Junior. Beautiful.

Steve: That's the thing that relaxes you, the blues. When you run across a song that great it really turns you on. There's nothing bad you can say about that kind of music. The worst mistake in life would still be a smash record.

Duck: You know, it's a funny thing, they say you can dress up, put on your formal and all that, and go to a party and about 7:00 at night, when you get to the party you'll find real nice music and along about 11:00 or 12:00, when things start getting dry, they stop and they start putting on the blues.

Steve: They've got to because that's when they start becoming themselves. The whole world puts on an act until they get intoxicated and that's the time they really become themselves and that's where it's at.

"LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART"

THE SUPREMES

Duck: They keep getting back to that Motown bass player, don't they? You know, I don't know. That's not the best thing I've ever heard Diana Ross and the Supremes do. I don't like what they're doing now either, but the old stuff I dig. Not so far back as "Baby Love" or any of that. Yeah, I did like "Baby Love." I think this one was too fast. They played it well but they just didn't have that, that melody to it that their other songs used to have, sing-along type things.

Diana Ross has got something in her voice though that just seems to be — well, she just appeals to me, not in a particular name, she sings a little...

Al: She stresses sex in her voice.

Steve: But it's natural though.

Al: Yeah, the groove was there, you know, the same four stomp beat. It seemed to have been over-arranged at points and then while I waited for her to really say something, it was the baritone that took the solo which said nothing to me. I would rather have heard an ensemble, or some other instruments there, because it just laid there, it didn't really say anything. It didn't leave me with anything. The melody of the tune was running so, I don't know what she said.

Steve: Was that a single? Lot me make this comment: Whoever mixed the stereo killed the record. I just now was thinking about "Itching In My Heart," some of the lyrics. I was trying to pick out what I heard in the song lyric-wise and then I recalled that was a single record. I didn't get

that in the mix because they completely subdued every lyric in the whole song and the melody too.

Whoever mixed the stereo forgot that there was a lead singer on the track. It's just all music; it was beat from the word go, a constant stomp beat. The record did not sound that way, it had much more to offer, and the single, like Duck said, "let me sing along," but the sing-along was not mixed into that record like it is on a single.

Jann: I want to get back to what Al said just a minute ago. You were talking about Diana Ross's voice being sexy and in that song I recall the parts where she says in each chorus, "love is like an itching in my heart," and then she goes and "baby I can't scratch it." That's where she really gets into it, right there.

Al: Right!

Steve: Maybe I'm sitting in the wrong part of the room, I heard that but it was so underneath.

Al: It's so bare and — like I don't remember the single but from hearing the stereo, they lost it somewhere in the mix. Like the drums are too high. It's a standard out there, he's only playing a stomp beat and it's there from beginning to end. But where is Diana? I can get her in spots like the "itch" part, but I don't really get a message there.

"I'M A MAN"

SPENCER DAVIS GROUP

Booker: Let me talk about the record first: Now that's a Detroit record, isn't it? It has Detroit sound to me: It has all that rhythm and bongos. Good riffs. It seems like a funky version of the Detroit thing. It's a little more funky. The organ player is good. He did his part. They had a hell of a rhythm section.

Steve: The basic feel of the record, like Booker said, the rhythm was real good. The one thing that ties it together is the guitar riff they keep repeating over and over which makes it simple. The things the organ player did definitely didn't get in the way with what was going on. It was done in good taste, very simply done, that's why Booker said it sounds like a good studio man. It sounds like a lot of overdubbed rhythm effects and so forth. That's probably why Booker connected it with the Motown records. I didn't particularly distinguish a Fender bass or anything; I'm sure there wasn't any. I could hear the organ foot pedals going through all the way; it gives the record a lot of bottom and gives all these other little rhythm effects that kind of open up and distinguish what's going on.

Jann: What about the vocal?

Steve: The intensity of it is very good. I've heard other records on the group where I like the content better. This particular song, I'm digging it from a rhythmic standpoint, simplicity. As far as the song, it didn't impress me as well as some of the other things they've done as far as melody and lyric.

Duck: I couldn't understand the words too much. In the rhythm and blues field they always look to understand the words because it is a song that gets to the people. I think it was the rhythm that got to the people here more than it was the song.

Steve: I hear it as an R & B pop tune.

"STEPPING STONE"

STEVE MILLER BAND

Steve: I'll start by saying they're been studying their blues. Someone in that band has been listening to blues records for quite some time. When it first came on I was trying to remember what it was; basically I think it was just some changes of some tunes we knew years ago. It has the feel and the line of "Lucille" but it was

done on the piano, just kind of a reverse thing. In the end I think they got closer to more recent blues like "Killin' Floor." The singer sounds pretty good. He sounds like he's got a lot of intensity, a lot of feeling, and a lot going for him. Guitar player sounds very good. The organist really didn't stand out as much, I don't think, as the guitar and the bass player, because the line was so definite, it dominated the whole thing. It's what you got out of it, everything else was so subdued, even the drum. It was good enough, they were there keeping time and that's what counts. The whole thing was based on the line, the bass guitar; the double line.

Al: I would have to listen to it over and over again to really get the complete story. It had a good groove. I agree with Steve on "Lucille" and the Little Richard things. I think it was well put together.

Steve: You could overdub "Lucille" right on the top of it and everybody would think it was "Lucille."

Al: Steve, why don't you use your wah-wah pedal?

Steve: Well, the first one I got, remember, Vox let me down, and it took three months to get another one. It knocked me out when I first heard it and now it's kind of a gimmick, because everybody's using it.

I think it can be used in a more simple way and if we use it, we'll probably do something that within its line creates its own feel, even though it's produced by a wah-wah pedal. I think it'll be something that will stand out as a particular function. The times I've heard it on just about every record, I think it was over used.

"CONNECTION"

ROLLING STONES

Steve: Sounds like the group to

Duck: There's that little thing again, the sing along: "All I want to do is get back with you." You know when they got to that part, you could sing it right with them.

Steve: The thing I'm digging about that tune, there's so many pop groups that say, "I want to play R&B." This is their main goal, so they use these wild arrangements and things to get on to R&B. That particular one didn't sound like they were trying to reproduce R&B. I dig the group when they stand on an individual basis, and that's good. It had good parts to it. There's things probably Al would say, "Well, like the rhythm didn't fit here, it didn't fit there," but that's the way they feel. They are not concerned with if it fits or not; if it's good, it's good. If it sounds good that's where you go. I dig it and I think that song is much better on their own than a rendition of somebody else's song.

If it's a standard song that everybody knows and they break it, and leave it, then whoever is listening relates it to the original. If they're doing something they wrote, all the public hears is the final cut. They don't know what they went through to get it, how many times they changed it, so every time they change it it's their rendition of it and that's good and it's injecting their feeling, and I dig it.

I saw Al curling in a couple of spots, not from music but from feeling. He felt like it didn't fit and I could see it in his face.

Al: There was something missing in the rhythm. The tambourine had the half-time thing going, but as far as the melody is concerned it was running. In spots the tom-tom was beautiful. But you really miss it after hearing the triplets on the tom; something should have taken over on that four to hold it steady, because all that was left was the two-four and in spots it sort of rambled. It didn't hold it through which is very

easy to do because you have no triplets or no four or something carrying it through so all he had was the two fours. I would have approached it different. What he did with it was beautiful. I dug what he did but I would have added to that. Maybe I wouldn't have had the same idea to go to the triplets on the tom, you know, on the title line but I would have added something else besides the two-four, even if it was just the triplets on the bass.

"I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT"

BOB DYLAN

Steve: I've always dug Dylan. The first thing I ever heard him do was "Like a Rolling Stone." The first time I heard it was when we went to L.A. It was number one in L.A. I'd never heard of the song and I'd never heard of Bob Dylan. We were driving down Hollywood Blvd. or somewhere and the song comes out. We were with a whole bunch of people and everybody started screaming and I said "What's this all about" and they said turn up the radio and it just grabbed me immediately and I still dig it today.

I'm sorry to say that I don't have a collection of Dylan's albums, but I'd love to get a collection. The reason I don't is because if I did I wouldn't have time to listen to them anyway, but I love picking up on everything he does.

I once coined something about Dylan: I think he's a soul brother's soul brother and Otis was always partial to Bob. I don't know if they knew each other, or how well they knew each other. I'm glad to see Dylan coming back and making records.

Jann: You were talking about how he sounded like Johnny Cash.

Steve: I don't think he sounds like Johnny Cash, but just listening to this particular track he did a couple of phrases that sounded like "Give My Love to Rosalie," the little bends that Johnny does all the time. That's a country soul brother, too. Has been for a long time. I think Bob broke the gap between all types of music. He molds them into one. I think Bob appeals internationally to everybody. This is why I dig it so much.

Duck: Yeah, I think Dylan does things. You might hear one thing and say, "Well, I don't like it," but somebody else might like it and then he does another that you'll like but somebody else might not like what you'll like. But he's got to be a great songwriter. To tell you the truth I lost out, I've got a lot of his albums but I lost out on what's happened to him recently, they say he's been in hiding or something.

Steve: He's so far ahead, I think that's partly why he wanted to get away from people. When he writes a song and puts it out and people dig it, then his next step is so much ahead of what he's done. I've never met him personally so I can't say this is fact, but I imagine he finds people sometimes dumb. He'd have to because he's thinking so far ahead of everybody, which is good. He's a song writer's song writer, too.

Al: I'm sorry to say I know nothing of the man. I have never listened to him before. Being so wrapped up in what we are doing, a lot of times what you are listening for can be right around the corner and you overlook it. I dig what I just heard. To me, it was little in the country and western thing. I don't really know him, which doesn't mean I don't dig him. I'm just not up to him on that. I think everything as far as the arrangements and the musicians that he used everything was proper — the mood, the feel was all there. To me he was carrying the whole thing. But everything else fits in beautifully.

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"Bender"
English Slang - meaning going wild or in more modern slang "having a rave up"

"Skurrid"
English slang - meaning having had a great deal to drink

"La-Di-Dah"
English slang - meaning: A plebeian expression to describe the upper classes, path, grand, mobbish - often used to describe an upper class action

"Tetchy"
Old Yorkshire expression - meaning, bad tempered, irritable

"Scabby"
Country expression - meaning: scruffy, flea-bitten, mangy (usually used in relation to animals)

"Amuck"
Country expression - meaning: run wild, create havoc

"Belle de Balle"
meaning: with pomp and ceremony

"Mole"
a small rodent animal with very silky soft fur - in this case used to describe the appearance of the Face.

"Baldersdash"
Yorkshire expression, meaning in colloquial American "hagwash"

"Crutzy"
In this case probably means "full of grit" which usually denotes strength and courage

"Dogrose"
Wild Rose - very common in the English Countryside

"Sniff"
meaning: in this context to

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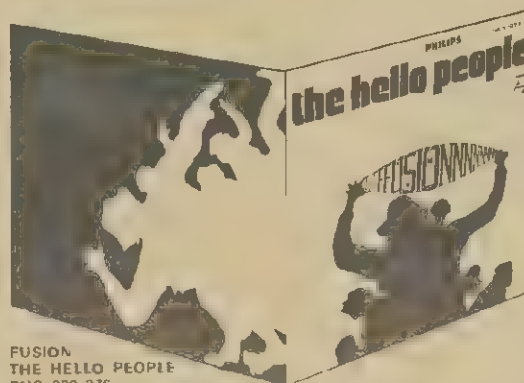


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RECORDS

TEN YEARS AFTER UNDEAD



Undead, Ten Years After (Deram DES 18016)

How sweet it is to have a new album that doesn't come on pregnant with significance, real or pretended. T.V.A.'s first album was guilty of this, but *Undead* gives us nothing more than a very fine jam band, recorded live, doing its thing. That thing is blues verging on jazz, with lots of blowing space for all musicians (guitar, organ, bass, drums). Rather than trying to be Cream heavy or Canned Heat heavy, Ten Years After just gets in there and swings. None of the solos are particularly intense or moving, but they are solid, and they are entertaining. The guitarist is very fast; sometimes, on the slow blues, his hands move faster than his ideas. But on the uptempo tunes that fill the first side, he has a great groove. Excellent sound.

BARRET HANSEN



Super Session, Mike Bloomfield, Al Kooper, Steve Stills (Columbia CS-9701)

Taking into consideration the various parts that Kooper has played in the production of this album, the fact that he does play more than the others (including the parts on which he backs up a given soloist and the generous periods of group interaction) this must be considered his latest LP. Latest, since the Blood Sweat and Tears album, and an excellent follow-up to that most extraordinary of past LPs.

The personnel shifts slightly (from side to side) in the form of the lead guitarist. Side One features Bloomfield, Side Two is Stills. The music on Side One seems to be fitted closer together, generally contemplating that specific area of the Blues, which Bloomfield and Kooper combined carve out for themselves. Side Two deals more generally with music, exploring various territories. Each tune standing out and up as an individual treatment and track.

The backup group which so faithfully supports and inserts its powerfully defined talents to aid the "headliners" are from left to right: Harvey Brooks (Bass); Eddie Hoh (Drums); and added on the first two tracks on Side One. Barry Goldberg (Electric Piano). The Bloomfield side is particularly excellent. Michael is heard playing better than one can hear him on records ever since these early Butterfield recordings. There is a firmness, a real steady handedness, a determinedly sure feeling to what he puts out here. He must have been hearing what he was about to play, licks ahead. Except for that piano solo on the Moby Grape's "Grape Jam" LP and the tiny beatific tune, "Easy Rider" on his Flag flop LP, his playing has gotten increasingly more predictable and flabby. He hasn't lent such coherence to his playing in quite some-

time.

"Stop" features this new Bloomfield, fullblown phrases pouring out miles of tough intricate patterns. Mike handles this track-length solo with a rare tone of surefire authority and soma-human cool magnetism, slightly akin to that of Hendrix, except with some things that Jimi would never try. The horns pouring in over the top of the guitar and organ purring in the backdrop, which with the addition of Goldberg's piano, sounds as if it's a few miles to the other side of the studio. "Man's Temptation" features a fine throaty Kooper vocal. The opening passage of the song switching smoothly between speakers. The horn arrangement on this track reminds one of those beautifully portrayed slower tunes on both the BS&T & EF LPs. Widening depths behind and shouting voice in front. Bloomfield roaming around the vocal.

"His Holy Model Majesty" plots the course of a nicely jazz-inspired trip. Kooper's interesting Coltrane-ish Ondiolino solo opening up to the organ, over to Bloomfield's solo slightly reminiscent of those of his East-West performances and back to that shrill solo on the one-finger-at-a-time instrument. Kooper should listen to some of Coltrane's "later" pieces and absorb them into his music (: Suggestion: "Up 'Gainst The Wall"). Harvey Brooks countering with his heavily throbbing bass underneath, pushing things along. Michael coming back to take it all down to a chilling silence between tracks. "Really" features Bloomfield in perhaps his favorite guitar role, a very deep and darkly King Brothers-ish vocal guitar, a most graphic style, crying out in sputtering passages and continually building up his song. Kooper trails in on his mildmannered slashing organ solo. Licks from Jimmy Smith, all those old changes brought out and dusted off and battered out for us to thrill to. So good to hear it all from out the musica lips of two of America's favorite musical sons. Incidentally, Bloomfield's relaxed 'second solo' on this time is breath-taking. It's no wonder that B. B. King recently said that Michael is his favorite young guitarist.

Side Two. Enter Steve Stills. The Springfield defunct, one of the very few bands today that was able to bridge a few gaps and effectively utilize plasticity. Steve Stills, who every time one hears him, you've got to think that the best of his obviously considerable talents is, like the iceberg, still more than halfway below the surface. The introduction to the first number, Dylan's "It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry" combines the raw buzzing guitar-tones that Kooper let fire on a Tom Rush LP he once played on and helped produce and Stills' great string-loose and fancy mellow guitar solo tone. The mixed-in backup Who-Do-You-Love changes, high hillbilly "no smoking" drawn-out vocals, Eddie Hoh's crisp cymbal work locking everything up. A wonderfully playful rendition.

Next track, Steve locks horns with wah-wah box and delivers a most delicious version of Donovan's "Season Of The Witch." Kooper's vocal takes advantage of the full range of phrasing-possibilities this song has to offer. At times, especially during Kooper's highly charged organ solo, the horn arrangements get to be a bit too much. Slightly overstated heavy musical passages, but it all drops back to Stills, who proves as Michael Thomas' backcover notes point out that "the wah-wah pedal's not just a war toy." I don't particularly care for this rendition, but it is certainly bombastic. And Stills is so good!

"You Don't Love Me" can be remembered best in the version by John Mayall. This song seems to be having a revival. As there are quite a few groups to be heard on Los Angeles FM radio playing it, frequently "to death." The song as it's presented here is surprisingly fresh and likewise pulsating, with that gimmick soaring jet roaring throughout (the technical name of this effect is "phasing"). It's the best tune

on this side, holds together and seems to stand completely apart from all the other tracks, as does the next and final band on this LP. "Harvey's Tune." Brooks' "Tune" carries a heavy scent of Woody Herman, 1945 memories of ball rooms and 62nd St. supper club moods. Sounds like there was a lot of smoke in the studio when they were making a take. Brian Wilson will just love it.

When Manfred Mann comes to collect my empties, I'll play this all for him, he wouldn't say "No."

JIM BRODEY



Honkey Blues, Sir Douglas Quintet Plus 2 (Smash SRS 67108)

"Honkey blues?" Is that anything like 'nigger symphony?' Should I like it or dislike it?"

Sir Douglas (Sahn) comes out of the same Texas blues scene as Janis Joplin, the college folk scene of the early Sixties where "authenticity" was the pot of gold and "the life of the folk" was the rainbow. This was and still is an honorable course in life, and explained why when Sir Douglas and his Quintet (then without the 2) came to San Francisco in the early days of the dance halls, they could play rhythm and blues with no note of condescension and then play a jazz number. They were versatile musicians who did not share the traditional contempt jazz musicians have for popular dance music.

Then in the course of various financial difficulties the group got confined to Texas for a long while. And after two years of getting their thing together, they have come out with—honkey blues. Which amounts to perhaps a playing down of imitation Negro inflections, a slightly uneasy rhythm section, and hardly any taste of the battle-of-the-sexes theme that predominates in blues—in fact, hardly any taste of suffering.

Douglas writes in his notes that he likes San Antonio, there is a stage-prop interlude in Spanish leading in to the group's old nostalgic rock and roll revival number, "Glad For Your Sake," and there is a relaxed quality to the album, an absence of strain that suggests they are fairly at home with their music. But if they relax any further, they won't even play blues. Better forget the association with Janis—the album is marked by a lack of emotionalism, and in fact of excitement.

There is a wisdom song ("You Never Get Too Big, And You Sure Don't Get Too Heavy, That You Don't Have To Stop And Pay Some Dues Sometime") about suffering, there is "Glad for Your Sake" (a "breakin' up is hard to do" number), and "Sell a Song" suggests that being a musician is pretty sexy. But the rest of the songs rely heavily on phrases like "vibrations" the way Donovan used "blow your mind" in every other song at one time, and they suggest not so much blues as, er, all-sorts-of-colors-and-indescribable-shapes-and-vibrations.

The music is well played, except for the uncertainty that hovers around the edges of the rhythm occasionally. The arrangements make depressingly simple-minded and morose use of the horn section, reminiscent of Butterfield's *Pigboy* *Crabsauce* album, especially on "Are Inlaws Really Outlaws." Sometimes, as on "Can You Dig My Vibrations," the effect is like an early rehearsal of Blood, Sweat and Tears, in this case BS&T's "Something Goin' On," sometime before they worked out their rhythms vividly.

Martin Ferrio, who with Wayne

Tulbert, also formerly with Mother Earth, apparently constitutes the "Plus 2," contributes a nice flute solo on "Song of Everything," and an alto solo on "Whole Lotta Peace of Mind," both a little obscured by the rest of the group, a fault in engineering. And Douglas Sahn does a beautifully lush tape-loop violin figure on "Whole Lotta Peace," but the all-over effect of the album is of lack of vitality. Sir Douglas is working toward an independent musical conception, and hopefully the lack of drama in *Honkey Blues* is part of the scenery along the way, not evidence he is in a blind alley.

CHARLES PERRY



Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake, The Small Faces (Immediate ZIZ-52008)

Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake ! ! ! ! ! (The one and only). It's wonderful, it's great, it's fabulous, and it's real ! ! ! ! ! It's full of fairy tales and groovy afternoons, of giant kissable flies and love, and mostly lots of happiness and joy. "Brightest Selection" the front cover says and so it is, the brightest and craziest rock in too long of a time.

But to begin, a few basic facts: Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake is the name of a record manufactured by the Small Faces (from Olde Englande, the land of public schools and school boys, and music halls and pubs), who are totally responsible for the musical content of Ogdens. The real question is: who is responsible for the packaging concept and design? The package (for that is what it can only be described as) is something for a prelude to the music inside—briefly it is a phony tobacco container, a circular one, which folds out into five circles joined together. These ten surfaces are covered with pictures of tobacco, Small Faces, and other things. It is fairly safe to assume that if one likes the package of Ogdens, the music will also be liked.

The music is happy and unabashedly so, the Small Faces don't have to make excuses or pretend to be cynical or even prophetic, happiness is enough for them. They come naturally on by magic, "wish away your worries and problems," they seem to say and in case you need help, they're ready and willing.

Both sides of Ogdens magically transport the listener to equally worryless and problemless places: side one takes the listener through time to "Lazy Sunday" and side two takes the listener through space to "Happydaystoytown." The second side is probably the first fairy tale recorded by a rock band. It's about "Happiness Stan" and his quest for the lost half of the moon; he befriends a hungry fly who gratefully flies Stan to "Mad John" (after being magically changed into a giant fly). Mad John shows Stan the lost half of the moon and as an extra bonus shows him "Happydaystoytown." In format "Happiness Stan" is very much like the Who's "Quick One" but also has the delightful of a highly English narrator speaking in the style of John Lennon in *His Own Write*. "A real minceblast."

The other side begins with "Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake," which is a far better instrumental than I thought the Small Faces could put out, and ends with "Lazy Sunday." It's all real nice and truthfully freaky, a refreshing change from a lot of the "progressive" garbage we've been hearing recently. Everybody owes it to themselves to get this record and be refreshed. It's surprising.

JAMES POMEROY



Baptism, Joan Baez (Vanguard VSD-79275)

Baptism is an intriguing collection of poetry and prose sung and spoken by Miss Baez. It is also an intensely personal vision communicated through a legacy of shared insights spanning several centuries. Vanguard's Maynard Solomon has compiled 17 selections from early and modern poets of Europe, Asia and America, including poems by William Blake, Federico Garcia Lorca, Jacques Prevert and Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Together with an old Welsh song and a Negro lullaby, the collection has a remarkable unity and striking impact. The net result is a fascinating, if disparaging, journey through our time.

The concept of such an album is not new, yet its compilation and flawless execution create an immediate excitement. The listener feels comfortable, as though hearing piano and orchestra progress through the predictable movements of a concerto. Yet the performance is obviously the product of studied innovation perfectly suited to the evolution of a gifted performer.

Joan Baez has long been an artist whose superlative voice and virtuosity as a folk singer are unequalled. But while brilliant vocal artistry has enabled her to fully explore the folk idiom, the impulse to evolve in di-

rections away from the folk genre have created uncertainties. Judy Collins dealt with a similar predicament by recording several albums in rather quick succession, each widely varying in style and quality.

By contrast Miss Baez has moved more confidently and with greater continuity from straight folk to an exceptionally good Christmas album (Noel), then to a second and fully orchestrated recording (Joan), and now to a dramatic reading. As is quickly evident, her new role becomes her.

Side One is a magnificent and impassioned out-cry against the ravages of war, violence and the insanity of spilled blood. In a pure, prose voice, Miss Baez evokes the indignity and horror in the pleas of those who protest to the dynastic Chinese minister of War. In Jacques Prevert's "Song In The Blood," she intones the rhythmic cycle of spilled blood and death as the earth turns with immutable regularity. She is truly a woman who has seen too much slaughter, her voice sounding detached, matter-of-fact, foretelling only blood and more death.

Blake's "London" and Norman Rosten's "In Guernica" on the same side are provocative and very effective, the net effect being an uncompromising and brutal vision of war and death evoked by a gentle woman's voice and orchestration in a somber, minor key.

Side Two is clearly a spiritual chronology revealing the multiple baptisms accompanying the loss of innocence. The happy nonsense of the opening passages of Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man" are supplanted by the sinister fantasies of Rimbaud, the desperate hope of love in Yevtushenko's "Colours," and finally, lamentation and grief.

Taken as a whole, the album is a very personal statement about the nature of man and the gasty paradoxes of life and death. While some passages are very moving and beautiful Baptism is inescapably depressing. Ideally the album's continuity

would have been better preserved had a large portion of the war poems on Side One been preceded by the innocence of childhood. But this shortcoming may be academic.

JOHN GRISSEM



Bare Wires, John Mayall's Blues Breakers (London PS 537)

Previous Mayall LP's displayed a tight, driving approach to the blues, old and new. This album, however, displays several faults common to many albums of the period July '67-July '68, the search for a concept delivered in new progressive ways, sloppy orchestration, and poor material. While Mayall has created good and valid blues, this album, if nothing else, shows up his limitations outside his specialization.

"Bare Wires, a Suite by John Mayall" begins with a short piece, "Bare Wires," which sounds very close to circus calliope music. "Where did I belong?" follows, with violin by Henry Lowther and Jon Hiseman's muddled drumming. Jon replaces the much superior Keef Hartley, who is remembered on side two by an instrumental aptly titled "Hartley Quits."

Except for a good solo by Mayall, "I Started Walking," drags badly in spots, despite a standard blues form. "Open Up A New Door" starts out as a solid heavy groove but turns into a coronet solo by Lowther reminiscent of early Sixties black group sounds. After that I want the song to be over, a bad sign in any musical form.

"Fire" (not the Hendrix thing), is somewhat like "Horse Latitudes," but overall doesn't make it. The track is saddled with a poorly mixed break and is unsatisfying. "I Know Now" is a slight revision of the organ work in "Bare Wires," and John's vocal is partly shouted over the subdued music. Despite this, it seems to make sense in spots and would be improved by intelligent editing.

The last track is also the first good number. "Look in the Window" moves right along behind the bass and drumming. The sax work builds to an undelivered climax, which turns out to be a minor flaw here instead of the major failure one might expect. There's a harpsichord in the transitions between tracks and the general effect of the side is anesthetic.

The second side, titled "Another Side," is not much better, though there are a few good numbers here. In general, the major fault of these tracks is that the band goes in circles. "I'm a Stranger" is based on a I-II-No. II-II-I sax progression and insipid lyrics. A Mayall original, "No Reply," goes around and around. Even the solo doesn't push against the endless sax repetitions, resulting in endless stagnation.

"Hartley Quits" is unqualified wonderful music. It moves and flows and you'll play it a lot. A Hawaiian guitar is used in "Killing Time," which is in a slow blues groove, gets together nicely and really makes it. "She's Too Young" is in a solid Chicago style and the brass work is good for once. The final cut, "Sandy," is musical schizophrenia. A slow blues vocal, of the type Mayall does well, accompanied by violin and Hawaiian guitar, poorly mixed. The cut lacks drive and assurance.

Viewed as a whole, the album is a disastrous episode for Mayall. Even the good tracks are rebashes of things he's said before with more flash and drive. This is the first Blues Breaker album in over a year, and we all expected better than this.

DANNY NOOGER

Singles:



"Hey Jude" is the text of a sermon on true love, delivered to the world at large and more particularly to John Lennon on the occasion of his finally "making it better." You see, beatlefans, John has had a kind of un-together scene with women, if one can judge by the songs he's sung about them (& I believe one can). While kind and gentle Paul sang of Michelle and the girl whom he had to get into his life, John was railing bitterly against a variety of bum trippers (in "Norwegian Wood," "She Said/She Said," "Girl," etc.). I doubt that this was unrelated to his bad scene with "his lovely blonde wife, Cyn" (sin?) who from all accounts didn't enjoy it either.

In the songs mentioned above, as well as in earlier ventures into being burned ("Not A Second Time," "You Can't Do That," "Hide Your Love Away," etc.) John showed what I can only call a very negative attitude toward women... seemingly they were all out to hurt him & cause him to be a laughing stock. His protection was armour plate coldness, threats and finally, running.

Not only women brought him down—the cosmos at large was viewed as a painful experience. Read for instance the poem "Berenice's Sheep" ("... With all the bubbles of the world bratting my boulders...")

So what happened next was that John remembered to fall in love with a beautiful Pornographic Priestess and they are at present living happily ever after while sin is suing John for divorce on the grounds of "adultery."

And now back to this song which is full of good advice (probably already taken) to break the old pattern; to really go through with love, "remember to let her under your skin, then you'll begin to make it better," and to "refrain, don't carry the world on your shoulders." Some of the instructions are quite explicit ("let it out & let it in") and the attitude is one of joyful encouragement.

For the pedants among us, I offer this additional fodder for intellection: in the Christian legends there are, besides the two Johns, two Jodes. One is supposed to have been a brother of Jesus and the other is the well known Iscariot, betrayer of Our Lord. An Eggman and a Walrus. Libra Lennon, the Duality Magnate, has just been righteously gotten together by the absolute interchangeability of the symbols for Good and Evil. Their name is one, and "don't you know that it's just you?"

Incidentally, the "praised" (saint) Jude is the Patron of that which is called Impossible, and here is your souvenir copy!

"Revolution" is gonna piss a lot of people off, maybe even you. The music is Old Style, with the intro sounding like what would happen if four men who've been through it all and came out optimistic decided to play Chuck Berry's famous "Rock and Roll Music." John wrote this in India and the first versions were ten minutes long, but evidently the middle bit was chopped out. I wish there'd been a little more of what I presume is Paul's piano playing.

Aside from one tedious line ("but if you want money for minds that hate...") the lyrics really swing in that brand of political naivete for which the Beatles have long been known and castigated. ("Who are those mothers to tell me it's gonna be alright?") Well, you know that Revolutions only lead to more same Governments (governments kill people) and where the change had outa be inside you... Leo Tze was never photographed.

Like the recent Rolling Stones, this song harks (musically) back to the old Rock, before the Roll rolled away... In England now there is a revival of old Elvis and Bill Haley stuff. Conservatism is a British tradition; they have been responsible at various times for bringing back Jazz, which they called "Trad"; Jug Bands, which they called "Skiffle"; and Rock & Roll, which they call the "Beatles."

—CATHERINE MANFREDI

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Parks: Little Demand for Genius

—Continued from Page 12

And talking about tentative plans to travel the country, he said, "I've been in a lot of airports. My hair's too long for an airport."

Ego does not permit a man to laugh at himself.

His words come out in gracious shots from the South where he was born. He is an Alabama boy and there is much of the Confederacy in his blood; revolution should be attractive, he said, but so should reverence, grace and simplicity.

At the moment there is all the complexity of simplicity in his life. He and his wife and their dog Winston spend most of their time in their mountain-top aerie with its garden and wraparound view, for there seems to be little demand for this genius today. He co-produced an album for Randy Newman, but has withdrawn from any future alliance because "I know Randy is going to be successful now in many vast and important ways and it's just natural that I should withdraw from participation with him." There was talk of his producing Three Dog Night, a new band on the Dunhill label; this didn't work out. And there are no immediate plans for him to record any more of his own work.

So now he is considering other fields. He wants to make a film, to travel America and record what he sees. (In part, this dream is motivated by a desire to show graphically what he was trying to show aurally in his album—and thus, he said, boost sales.) He expresses a deep

concern for the blacks and the have-nots. There is the chance of his becoming involved in a Broadway musical. He is an ardent conservationist, plagued by the sights he sees from his garden: bulldozers leveling trees and mountaintops. When last he appeared on the Les Crane Show he appeared with computer programmers, to "sit and to listen and to learn." He talks of "chemical ecstasy" and "things attached to impulses" and "post-mod God on Main Street thought."

"I want to demonstrate my liberation," he said. "I think it's important to aspire, and not to hide."

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